HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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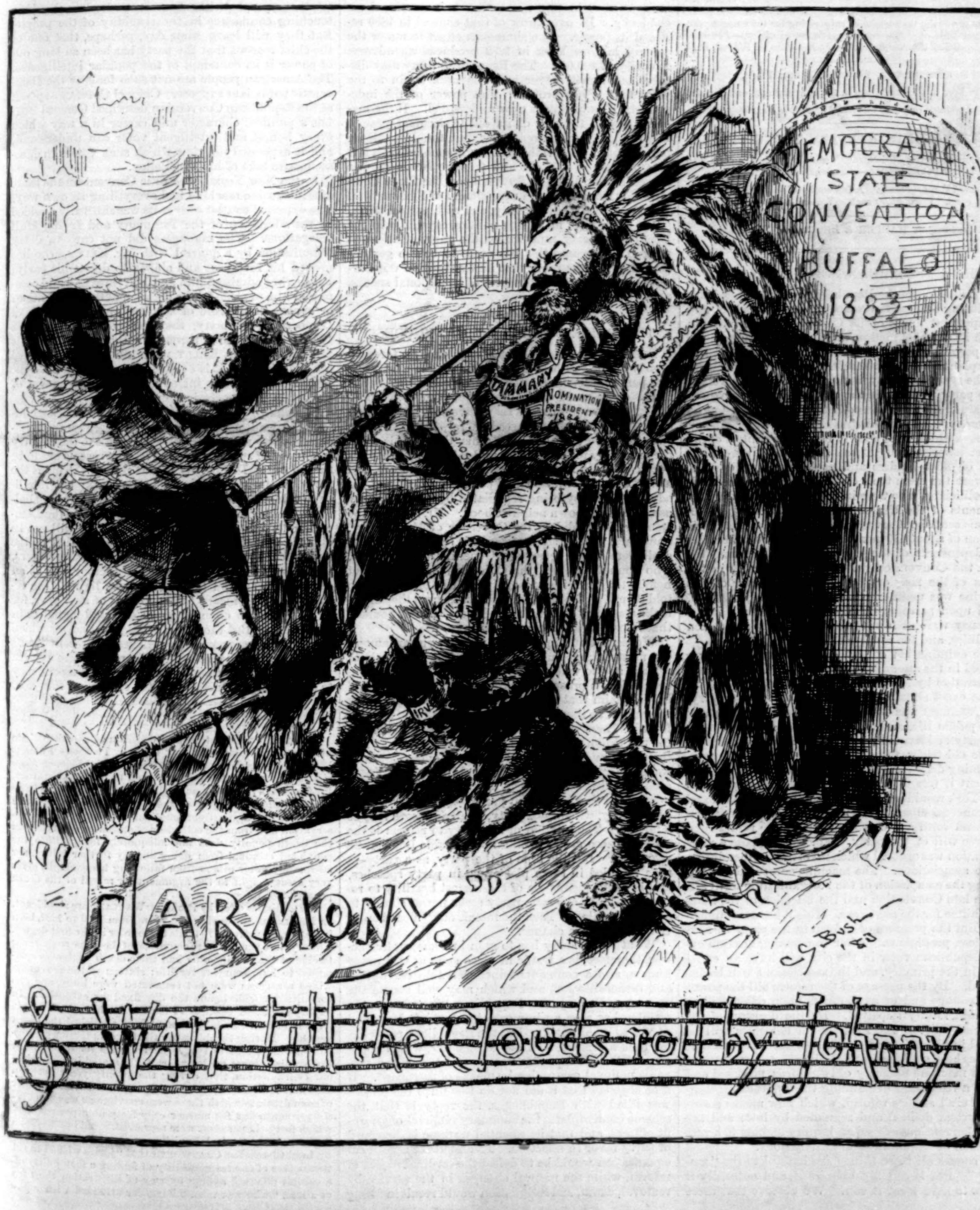

DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION BUFFALO 1883
TAMMANY
NOMINATION PRESIDENT 1884
GOVERNOR J.K.
NOMINATIO
J.K.
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C. G. Bush '83

"HARMONY."

Wait till the Clouds roll by, Johnny

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

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THE REPUBLICANS OF NEW YORK.

THE division of the Republican party in New York during the last few years has been notorious, and the apparent unity of its Convention this year, in which its defeated faction was apparently supreme, is very perplexing to many observers elsewhere. But the explanation is not difficult. The root of the schism was the system of party management. Nearly a sixth of the party vote was in the city of New York, where there are about 80,000 Republican voters. Nine-tenths of these voters were disfranchised at the primary meetings, which were wholly under the control of the district associations. These associations were composed of office-holders and professional politicians, and were the mere tools of a few leading office-holding politicians, who were in turn the parasites and instruments of the United States Senator. The associations sent about seventy delegates to the State Convention of about 450 members, so that, with the allies and dependents of the central ring throughout the State, the Convention was always practically in the hands of the ring or machine. The power of this machine was maintained by its strict organization, based upon patronage. The consequences of its ascendency were seen in the venality and degradation of politics, and the rapid decline of the party.

The culmination of this contemptible system was reached in the attempted control of the **GARFIELD** administration by Mr. **CONKLING**. This at once revealed the exact situation to the party and the country. Mr. **CONKLING** was indignantly driven by the party from public life, and when his residuary legatees in the party endeavored a year ago to compass their ends by the old tricks, the effort ended in the most overwhelming defeat in our political annals. From that moment it was clear that the Republican party in New York would never rally again until a radical and fundamental change was made in the city organization, and until a Convention once more represented the free will of the party. For this purpose a reorganization was ordered which involved the dissolution of the associations. The machine succeeded in postponing the completion of the reorganization until after the late Convention and the selection of the State Committee for the next year. This it has accomplished. But the progress of reform in the party is, nevertheless, prodigious. After the coming election every Republican voter in the city will have an equal right in the primary, and the associations will be disbanded. By the passage of the reform bill the power of patronage and of assessments upon office-holders has been vitally impaired. By the decision of the National Convention, Presidential delegates will be elected in districts, and the slavish device of the unit rule has been abolished, and the late State Convention, with a machine majority of two-thirds, proposed and passed a resolution demanding the vigorous prosecution of civil service reform, which now means a specific system defined and regulated by law; and the same Convention ordered an inquiry looking to a vast extension of represention in Conventions.

Of course all these things are hateful to the "machine." But it can not help itself, and naturally it strives to save what it can. We observe that there is some disposition to think that nothing has been gained because the State Committee is a machine committee. But what can it do? Next spring the Presidential delegates will be elected by districts, and in every district of the city every anti-machine Republican can vote freely. He may also vote for a County Committee to take the place of the present Central Committee, and for an Assembly District Committee. The freedom which has been demanded has been obtained. The power of the State Committee to corrupt politics by controlling patronage is baffled, not only by the law, but by the indisposition of the President to become the Committee's agent—which has cost him the favor of a squad of Stalwarts—and by the advance of public opinion. It is very possible that the old machine does not care for success in the election of this autumn. But it has nothing to gain by defeat. Having the Committee, it has the official responsibility of the election. But all that is unimportant. The great result of the events of the last three or four years is that the Republican party is placed in the position of progress in which it naturally belongs. Its apparent subjugation by the machine control in 1876 nearly cost it its national ascendency. Its overthrow of that control in 1880 restored its power. The shameless effort to renew the control in New York in 1882 produced an adverse majority of 200,000. The Republican party may dissolve, but it will never bend its neck again to the yoke that it has broken. The power of the independent Republicans is now understood. If the machine should try any of its old tricks next year, it might play them successfully, but the Republican party would be annihilated by Republicans. Mr. **DRAPER**, one of the old and trusty machinists, has succeeded Mr. **JOHN F. SMYTH** upon the State Committee. He is from the very citadel of Stalwartism. But Mr. **DRAPER** says plainly, and with perfect truth, "The old way of managing politics, especially in the Republican party, must go, or the party itself must go." It is because this has come to be the general conviction of the party that its Convention was harmonious, and that the prospect of its national success next year is most promising.

THE PRICE OF DEMOCRATIC SUCCESS.

THERE is but one thing which can be foreseen clearly as the result of Democratic success next year. The party leaders and press carefully avoid all declaration of its position upon any question of national policy. But one purpose they have boldly unveiled: should the Democrats succeed, there will be "a clean sweep" of the civil service. This, they say, is what they mean by reform. Any real reform, like that advocated by Mr. **PENDLETON**, they frankly abjure, and Mr. **PENDLETON** himself has paid the penalty of his advocacy of it by being repudiated by his own party associates in his own neighborhood. Mr. **ABBETT**, the Democratic candidate for Governor of New Jersey, announces that he shall reward his friends; and that droll Democratic personage, General **DURBIN WARD**, who roundly scolded the Ohio Convention for not nominating him instead of Judge **HOADLY**, and who told them that the only practical atonement they could make was to elect him to the Senate, also announces that reform means a clean sweep.

We are not unmindful of Democrats who are among the most earnest and able and persistent friends of reform, and to whose labors the reform is greatly indebted for its prosperous progress. But they would hardly claim that the Democratic party would carry out reform as they understand it, and as it is now enforced. There were Democrats who sustained the war for the Union unreservedly and in good faith. But the whole unorganized and organized opposition to it was Democratic. Mr. **TILDEN** and **FERNANDO WOOD**, each in his own way, sought to embarrass the Government. All the obstruction proceeded from the Democratic party, which, as a party, finally declared it to be a failure. The relation of the party to reform is the same. There are faithful and admirable Democratic reformers. But the tone of the party, as a party—a tone revealed in State platforms, in party speeches, and in party organs—is of the utmost hostility to reform. The Democratic party seeks power simply to seize the spoils. "Turn the rascals out," means only, Give us rascals a chance.

What the country has to gain by Democratic success, therefore, is a traffic in place such as was never known, and a consequent inconceivable corruption and demoralization, and which may well startle the country. During the Republican ascendency the country has seen an immense increase of places and of official emolument. But the Republican party has matured a scheme, that has become law, which opens the service to all parties upon equal terms, and prevents political corruption by means of patronage. If it be objected that it did not do this until the service was filled with Republicans, the reply is that the scheme contemplates the summary removal of all unfit officers, and that its essential purpose is disregard of party favor in selection. To undertake a political equalization would be to defeat the cardinal object of reform, while the natural changes in the service by removal, death, and resignation would result in filling the service without party preference. To this reform, not in general, but in the method already in operation, the Republican party is fully committed, no doubt with many a wry face and incredulous heart among its machine members, but with the profound conviction of its controlling intelligence. This unreserved committal, and the active Democratic hostility to reform, and the Democratic silence upon every other question, make this a distinct and commanding issue. The independent vote is essentially a reform vote, and the course of the Democratic party upon the question of administrative reform arrays this powerful vote against the Democratic candidate.

TWO DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS.

THE Democratic Convention of Massachusetts might properly be described as the **BUTLER** Convention. In that State there is no Democracy but Butlerism, and what Butlerism is, the Democratic papers from 1861 to 1875 constantly and contemptuously declared. The chief argument for his renomination which was urged in the hotels was that he is "picturesque," and attracts the people. The Democratic leaders cherish a touching confidence in the stupidity of the people. But they will learn some day, perhaps, that one of the chief reasons that the party has been so long out of power is its contempt of the popular intelligence. The American people are not such fools as the Democratic politicians suppose. Colonel **CODMAN'S** speech at the Republican Convention described General **BUTLER'S** political character and career in a way which every honest and intelligent voter can understand, and it expressed the view which such voters in Massachusetts take of his Excellency.

In the New York Democratic Convention the State administration machine had everything its own way. The expected contest over seats was skillfully avoided by the admission of the Tammany and Irving Hall delegations. The managers did not care to delay organization by a quarrel with Mr. **KELLY**, who has proved his readiness and ability to defeat his party; but having admitted him and his "braves," and committed him to abide by the decision of the Convention, or appear in the rôle of a bolter and a disturber of Democratic harmony, they proceeded to put the "slate" nominations through without regard to his preferences. Mr. **KELLY** made no effort to conceal his chagrin; and it is evident that the action of the machine leaders has introduced a strong element of discord into Democratic councils.

The platforms of both the New York and Massachusetts Conventions are unimportant, because the Democratic party announces that it appeals to the country as a party of superior honesty. The rascals are to be turned out! Democracy means reform. This is the party platform as declared by its press; but intelligent voters are not likely to be deceived by its shallow sophistry and loud professions. As for the Democratic ticket nominated in New York, it will not be claimed that it is in any way superior to that of the Republicans, who have renominated the State officers, whose service has been most satisfactory. It is an apathetic year, and the vote will be light. The result will by no means foreshow that of next year, for in no State are changes so sudden and signal as in New York. But there is a prestige in success which should lead every man who believes that recent events show progress and reform to be much more certain under Republican than under Democratic ascendency to interest himself actively in the election of this year.

THE DEATH PENALTY.

A VALUABLE and interesting contribution to the debate upon capital punishment was made by Professor **FRANCIS WAYLAND**, president of the American Social Science Association, in opening the recent annual meeting at Saratoga. Professor **WAYLAND** is one of the students of penal science whose opinions have great authority, and the fact that a man who does not argue from emotion, but from a careful observation and from the collection of statistics, declares that the death penalty does not adequately incapacitate the convicted criminal from doing society further injury, nor adequately deter others from following his example, gives very great weight to the argument for repeal of the death penalty.

The statistics cited by Professor **WAYLAND** are significant. In Massachusetts, during the years from 1860 to 1882, both inclusive, there were 170 trials for murder in the first degree. Twenty-nine persons were convicted of the crime as charged; twelve of the twenty-nine had their death sentences commuted to imprisonment for life; sixteen of the seventeen whose sentences were not commuted were hung, and one committed suicide before the day fixed for execution. In twenty-six cases verdicts of murder in the second degree were rendered. In 1852 Rhode Island abolished the death penalty. During the following thirty years there were seventeen convictions in twenty-seven trials for murder. In the English House of Commons it was stated in 1881, without contradiction, that during the twenty years between 1860 and 1881, for other crimes except murder, the number of committals in which there were convictions was seventy-six per cent., but for murder only forty-nine per cent., of which forty-six per cent. were reprieved. And in 1864–5 the Parliamentary Capital Punishment Commission was told by Lord Chancellor **CRANWORTH** that "juries wished to rid themselves of the responsibility of finding a man guilty of a capital offense," adding by way of illustration the case of a man "who was tried for murder attended with high-way robbery, and acquitted, but was afterward tried for robbery, on precisely the same evidence, and convicted." Numerous cases were cited before the Commission by eminent members of the English bar to show that capital punishment often leads to the acquittal of guilty men.

Ex-Attorney-General Train, of Massachusetts, says that the fear of causing the execution of an innocent man presses "with fearful power" upon a jury, and the reason of the small percentage of actual executions for murder is unquestionably the unwillingness of juries to convict. This is another form of the reason which Sir Samuel Romilly alleges for the constant acquittals under the severe English capital law of seventy and eighty years ago. In that case it was the sense of cruel disproportion between the offense and the penalty. In the modern instance it is the mingled fear of doing an irreparable wrong and doubt of the real efficacy of the punishment. Whatever the rightful and desirable objects of punishment for murder may be, Professor Wayland holds that they would be very much more certainly secured by imprisonment for life than by death. This point he argues with great ability. But imprisonment for life must be assured and absolute, and it must be without hope of pardon, by making release from confinement impossible until, before the court in which the prisoner was convicted, his innocence shall be established. Professor Wayland's paper is a very strong plea.

MR. LOWELL ON FIELDING.

It was a very graceful act upon the part of the managers of the institution at Taunton, in England, which has just erected a bust of Fielding, to invite the American Minister, who is also a distinguished author, to unveil it, and the address of Mr. Lowell was worthy of the subject and of himself. He is always most happy in literary criticism and characterization, and nothing has been said of Fielding which is more clearly discriminating than this address.

Undoubtedly in many passages Fielding is to-day unreadable. As Mr. Lowell says, he is not to be commended *pueris virginibusque*. But he states the reason precisely in saying that it is not because he corrupts, but because he shocks. Our habits of speech and of writing do not permit such freedoms. But we should have been as much shocked by the polite conversation of Fielding's time as we are by the free passages in his works. The story of the good old ladies at Olney to whom Cowper used to read what is not now thought tolerable to read shows how radically the fashion and tastes of times change.

Mr. Lowell ranks Fielding as the real father of our novel of manners, and as a creative genius of the second order, leaving Shakespeare and the few greatest poets in the first class. The excellence which they have in common is fidelity to truth, and the morality of their genius lies in its perfect confidence in truth. Smaller writers try to help out nature to a moral by making all sinners die in agony. But the power and interest of such writers are gone the moment that it is seen that all sinners do not die in agony. One great value of Mr. Lowell's capital address is that it will lead to a little closer inquiry into the nature of morality in literature.

SOME SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUCCESSES.

The secretary of the New York Civil Service Reform Association announces that the association is ready to aid the public authorities in the prosecution of any citizen, Republican or Democrat, who may attempt to violate the State law against the swindle known as political assessments. The secretary will be glad to receive at his office, No. 4 Pine Street, any evidence that may aid in securing the conviction of offenders.

The provision of the State law upon this subject is much more stringent than that of the national law, and is well worthy the careful consideration of all committees, treasurers of committees, and bosses of high or low degree, who may be contemplating the little game of assessment. This is the law:

> "Section 10. No person shall directly or indirectly solicit or receive, or be in any manner concerned in soliciting or receiving, any assessment, subscription, contribution, or pledge, for any political purpose whatever, from any officer or from any person receiving, or entitled to receive, a salary from the State, or from any county, city, town, village, or political division of the State, or fees for the discharge of any public duty, nor from any member of any public Police Department, or Fire or other department, within this State, or any of the political divisions thereof, nor from any person officially connected with the system of public instruction in this State, or in any of the political divisions thereof."

It is not "any officer" or "any employé," but "any person," who is prohibited from trying the swindle. And the penalty for violation of the law is a fine of not less than $50, and not more than $1000, or imprisonment for six months, or both.

This comes of Sunday-school politics. Here is a simmy-sammy interference with the natural right of bosses to pick the pockets of employés, a feminine regard for honesty and fair play, an amateurish and sentimental concern for common decency. Senator Mahone is dexterously trying to put his hand through the lines of the national law without hitting them. But the New York law is solid. The Sunday-school took advantage of Mr. John F. Smyth's absence from Albany, and effectual prohibition of this meanest kind of swindling is the result.

A DANGEROUS CHALLENGE.

Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, is a distinguished Democratic leader who was invited to preside at the late New Jersey Democratic Convention. The spirit and the ability with which he does his part of the great work of Democratic reform are shown by a remark in his opening address. He said of the party of Lincoln, Sumner, and Seward, "It has been in power over twenty years, and bribery, fraud, and thievery compose its only record." From a co-partisan of the Tweed Ring, the Cipher Dispatches, Tammany Hall, Butler, and the Maryland Democratic performances exposed by Governor Hamilton, this seems to be a strong statement.

It is one of the remarks which display in the most ludicrous light the Democratic claim of reform. Democratic speakers and newspapers evidently suppose that a party can succeed by wholesale vituperation of its opponent, and that the most crushing epithets and loudest lungs will carry the day. Their chief reliance for some time was upon Dorsey's stories. But the contempt with which the country received them has been disconcerting. The one thing which the Democratic party has to fear is reminiscence, and it is a singularly stupid blunder to challenge the comparative record of the two parties. Yet this is what the New Jersey Senator has done. His sweeping assertion that the history of the last twenty years in this country is one unalleviated waste of fraud and theft shows how very little patriotism and wisdom and national pride and accuracy of memory may be found in a Senator of the United States.

The last twenty years are by far the proudest and most illustrious epoch of American history, and it is the epoch of Republican ascendency. The previous thirty years constituted the most degrading epoch of that history, and it was that of the dominance of Senator McPherson's party. The preservation of the Union was not fraud; emancipation was not bribery; the maintenance of the national credit was not thievery. These things were done while Senator McPherson's party, as a party, declared the war a failure, and denounced interference with slavery, and while Democrats supplied the ranks of the paper-money party. The memory of patriotism is like the boy's thoughts, which are "long, long thoughts." The country does not forget, nor, as it surveys the achievements of the last twenty years, does it cry, with Senator McPherson, "Thievery! thievery!" That proud remembrance will not indeed prevail against party misdeeds, but it will incline the popular heart to demand ample credentials of better conduct from any party which would supersede that whose services have been so beneficent.

PERILS OF HOME TRAVEL.

The evident recklessness with which the *Riverdale* steamer was certified to be safe has naturally excited a great deal of curiosity among that part of the suburban population which depends upon ferries for access to the city to know the condition of the boats to which it is obliged to trust itself. The testimony of John McCollom at the investigation was rather startling for the suburban residents, for with the air of an accomplished expert he specified boats which in his opinion were extremely unsafe. Among these was the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield*, whose boilers he had been employed to patch, and whose niggardly owners, he said, would not permit him to repair them effectually, so that now he did not consider them to be secure.

As the *Westfield* and the other boats of that ferry have recently passed into new hands, it was a very interesting question for Staten-Islanders who travel by the *Westfield* every day to know whether the new owners were aware of the alleged insecurity of the boat. We see by the Island papers that the owners lost no time in determining the matter. They applied to Messrs. Cobank & Theall, the makers of the boiler of the *Westfield*, and they promptly examined it, and reported unreservedly that it was entirely safe, that it had never been necessary to replace it, and that it was always kept in the best order. It appeared also that McCollom is not a first-class workman. The superintendent of the ferry also states that he personally regularly examines and tests the boilers.

In this case, therefore, there would seem to be no reason for apprehension. But there is always occasion for the most careful scrutiny and care. There is plenty of proof of criminal negligence in the supervision of the ferries and railroads that lead to the city; and, as we lately pointed out, nobody is punished for the slaughter which periodically occurs.

PERSONAL.

When off the stage Salvini impresses one as entirely lacking in that subtlety which so distinguishes him on the boards. Neither his conversation nor his face suggests in the slightest degree the delicate and fine intellectual resources of his interpretation of Conrad or Othello. Great as an actor, as a man he seems ordinary, save for his size.

—A New York merchant who returned last week from a visit to Europe was most impressed when passing near Washington Market, where the pavements abound in baskets of peaches, grapes, plums, and Bartlett pears: "It does me good," he said, "to see the fruit. In Europe there is nothing like it—nothing to compare with the abundance of it and the beauty of it."

—The Rev. Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, late Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and for many years a well-known clergyman of the Presbyterian Church in this city, died of heart-disease, September 22, at his home in Summit, New Jersey. He was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1807, was graduated from Middlebury (Vermont) College in 1829, and in 1832 from the Andover Theological Seminary. In the latter year he took charge of the Seventh Presbyterian Church of St. Louis. He became pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church, at Broome and Ridge streets, in this city, in 1835, and during his administration the membership was over one thousand. Dr. Hatfield was called to the North Presbyterian Church in 1856, and was its pastor until 1863, when he became financial agent of the Union Theological Seminary. A portrait of Dr. Hatfield was given in Harper's Weekly for June 2 of this year.

—The number of young artists who have had a thorough training in the art schools of Paris and other European cities is much larger in this metropolis than ever before; and though they can not sell all the studio pictures they paint, their services in the decoration of the exterior and interior of private residences are likely to become extremely remunerative. Work like that done recently by Mr. Walter Shirlaw on the frieze of Mr. D. O. Mills's dining-room, and by Mr. Francis Lathrop, Mr. W. H. Low, and Mr. Maitland Armstrong in other houses, is interesting not only in itself, but as indicative of a new and promising field for our best native artistic talent.

—It was two hundred years ago that Vienna was delivered from the Turkish siege, and on the last anniversary of that memorable occasion a memorial stone was unveiled on a neighboring hill, inscribed with the words: "From these heights, on the morning of the 12th of September, 1683, John Römisch Sobieski, King of Poland, the Imperial Lieutenant-General Duke Charles of Lorraine, the Electoral Princes John George Römisch of Saxony and Max Emanuel of Bavaria, Prince George Frederick of Waldeck, the Margraves Hermann and Louis William of Baden, and other commanders, descended with the troops of the Emperor Leopold Römisch, and with German and Polish auxiliary forces, to the battle for the delivery of the city of Vienna, which had been sorely distressed through a siege of sixty-one days by the Turkish army." Vienna despises the Turks nowadays.

—A number of tenants recently evicted from Colonel Hare's estate, near Tipperary, Ireland, applied for out-door relief to the guardians of the poor. They were in wretched condition, and compelled at night to shelter themselves with boughs of trees and to sleep in the ditches. The guardians refused their application.

—The Khedive of Egypt sleeps five hours nightly, omits the usual siesta, and works sixteen hours daily. He recently visited an Egyptian hospital which had no floors, no doors, no windows, holes in the roof large enough to admit a man, and general destitution enough to shock a brute. This hospital is described by the European doctor who is in charge of it as "better than most of the hospitals in Egypt."

—Telegrams from all the principal parts of the Russian Empire, from the Caucasus, the Crimea, Siberia, and Poland, testify in warm terms of the affection in which the great novelist Tourguéneff was held by his nation. In the universities and chief schools of Russia arrangements are making to perpetuate his memory by founding scholarships—a tribute never before paid to a novelist.

—The awful infant mortality and the enormous proportion of illegitimate births in the West Indies are said to be due not to any actual or innate immoral disposition of the black man, nor to the black woman's want of care of her offspring, but to the scarcity and bad quality of the food, and to the want of proper homes.

—An English clergyman writes that there are four thousand unemployed clergyman in the Church of England, many of whom are both able and willing to work, but who can not find anything to do. "The fact is, a clergyman past forty finds it year by year increasingly difficult to get employment. Younger men are preferred." Yet "experienced men would do far more good in country parishes than their junior brethren."

—The Comte de Chambord's will began as follows: "I die a good Christian and a Catholic. I feel no hatred for any one. I forgive all those who have injured me, and I beg all those whom I may have wronged in any way to pardon me. I pray Almighty God to save my soul."

—Miss Booth, of the Salvation Army, was forbidden to hold services in Geneva. She violated the order twice in twenty-four hours, was arrested in each instance, and conducted by the police to the frontier of the canton.

—It may be pleasant for the members of the late Co-operative Dress Association of this city to learn that at the sixth annual meeting of the Ladies' Dress Association (limited) of London there were an angry discussion, a scene of disorder, and assertions that the value of the stock had been considerably overestimated, and that the stockholders had not yet received any dividends.

—Riders of bicycles are sometimes in peril. A half-dozen of them were gliding down Threadneedle Street, London, a few days ago, when a horse attached to a wagon slipped on the asphalt pavement, and in falling caught his leg in the wheel of one of the bicycles, throwing the rider so heavily as to render him unconscious. The next rider, unable to stop his machine, rode on to the prostrate animal, which kicked him violently, breaking his right thigh and right arm.

—A fairy "tea service" of very diminutive proportions has been made by a German manufacturer, and presented to the German Crown Prince. The tea-tray was beaten out of an old Prussian coin the size of a copper cent. The tea-pot was made of a coin half the size of a cent, and its cover of a coin one-quarter that size. All the pieces are so wrought that one can easily recognize each coin, either from the inscription or from the arms stamped upon it.

—A Roman house has been discovered in France, in the Department of the Drôme, about five feet below the surface of the ground. Its floor was of mosaic, and fragments of the bases and capitals of small Doric pillars were found in place. Among the *débris* were pieces of black and red pottery, of wine vessels, and of bones of domestic animals that had been used for food or for sacrifice. There were also some box-wood pins used by Roman ladies for fastening their hair.

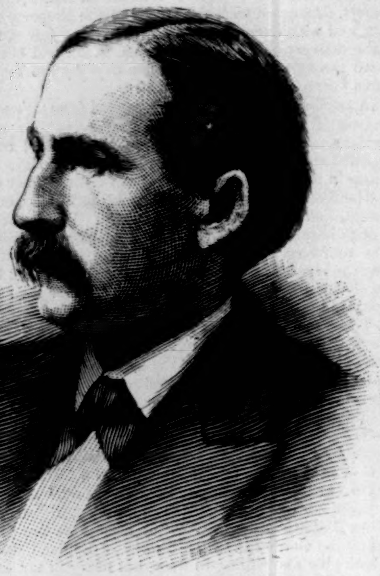
—A gypsy king was arrested recently in Warwickshire. He, his son, daughters, and grandchildren—altogether about one hundred persons—have led a wandering life in four large caravans for many years. His offense was an assault upon a pound-keeper. It took eight policemen to capture him.

—A bedroom steward of the Cunard steam-ship *Servia* was sent to jail for six months for stealing a pocket-book from a passenger on board the vessel. The pocket-book contained a letter of credit for $70,000, two drafts for $250 each, one draft for $125, and several bills of exchange for $5000 each. The theft was committed while the passenger was asleep in his berth; and the thief was detected by his effort to negotiate one of the drafts at a Liverpool pawnbroker's.

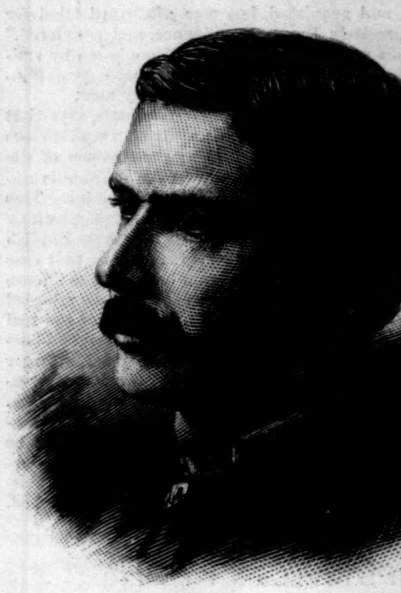
—Mr. Andrew H. Green, while talking to a friend recently, recalled with animation some incidents of the days of his Comptrollership during the Tweed *régime*, when "for two years the only government the city had was in the Comptroller's office," and when he sat in the Board of Apportionment in the company of such choice spirits as Tweed, Sweeny, Hall, and Connolly. The history of that period, he said, has never been written. Mr. Green has been urged very strongly of late to commit some of his recollections to paper. The number of times that his life was in danger is doubtless unknown even to himself, but a description of some of them would be very interesting reading.

—Life at Homburg, says the *Saturday Review*, is very much like life at any other German bath. It is the usual routine of drinking and bathing, enlivened by listening to bands and gossip—a monotonous kind of existence, delightful to some and dreadfully wearisome to others. As a general rule, the healing springs in which sick folks are bidden wash and be clean lie in stifling valleys where the air is so relaxing that it can not assist, if it does not positively retard, the work of restoration. But Homburg lies on the open hill-side, and has a constant supply of fresh bracing air. The town is said to contain eight thousand inhabitants, but the impression left on the mind of the casual visitor is that there is no town independent of the visitors.

—"The settler in the far West of America," says the London *Times*, "has left all that he most dearly values behind him, if he be a man of education and refined tastes. He has, indeed, a water-proof roof over his head, with an abundance of coarse and monotonous fare. But he abandons indefinitely the pleasures of congenial society. Even the agriculturist is 'crowded up' by rough neighbors, and the cattle-breeder must fall back on the company of his cow-boys. It is all very well for a man in the vigor of his youth, exhilarated by the pleasures of hope, and overflowing with high animal spirits, to kennel in a hovel and pass long days in the saddle. But as years go on, and he suspects that age is stealing upon him, he begins to fret over the humble success that really amounts to heart-breaking failure. Marriage, of course, is out of the question, unless he marries so far beneath him that he might almost as well have mated with an Indian squaw. These undeniable facts must be looked fairly in the face by any one who thinks of turning to account his energy and small means by pushing his fortunes in the far West of America"—or, we may add, in any new country whatsoever.



ISAAC H. MAYNARD, CANDIDATE FOR SECRETARY OF STATE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHURCHILL.



ALFRED C. CHAPIN, CANDIDATE FOR COMPTROLLER. PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

AT BUFFALO.

THE New York Democratic State Convention was organized in the New Music Hall at Buffalo on the 27th ult., with the Hon. **ALFRED C. CHAPIN** as temporary chairman. It was evident from the first that the "slate" which had been prepared by the State Committee, with the possible exception of Mr. **KELLY**'s candidate for the position of Secretary of State, Mr. **PURCELL**, would be nominated. In spite of the general desire for "harmony," there was evidently a very bitter feeling against Mr. **KELLY** in the minds of the rural Democracy. His power was acknowledged to be too great to admit of the exclusion of the Tammany delegation, and the necessity of placating their chief was painfully apparent to their opponents. Tammany was therefore admitted, with an allotment of twenty-four delegates. Ten were given to Irving Hall. The County Democracy was, however, declared, by a large majority, to be the regular organization. The platform, which re-affirms that of last year, and indorses Governor **CLEVELAND**'s administration, was unanimously adopted. The nomination of candidates began with a bitter and prolonged contest between the "machine" candidate for Secretary of State, Mr. **MAYNARD**, and Mr. **KELLY**'s. It resulted in the nomination of the former by a vote of 207 to 182. Mr. **KELLY** left the hall as soon as Mr. **PURCELL**'s defeat became apparent. His followers remained to see the fight out; but it was evident that the "machine" candidates would be put through.

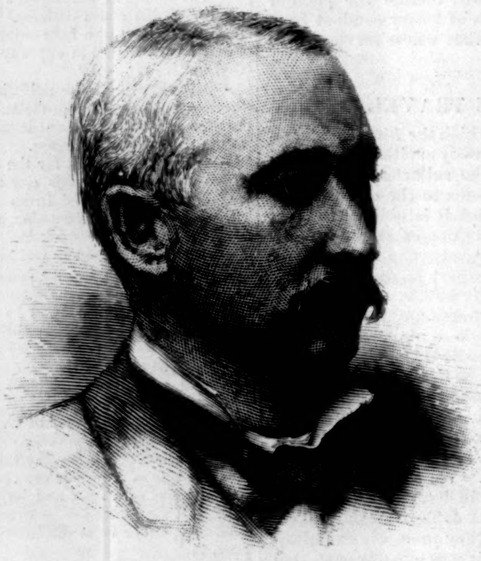
The head of the ticket, Mr. **ISAAC H. MAYNARD**, is a lawyer by profession, and he has been a Democrat ever since he entered public life. He was born in Bovina, Delaware County, this State, April 9, 1838. He was graduated from Amherst College in 1862, and was admitted to the bar in the following year. Since 1865 he has lived in Stamford, and practiced both law and politics. He served as Supervisor, and as President of that town for several years, and was first elected a member of the Assembly in 1875. He was re-elected in 1876.

Mr. **ALFRED C. CHAPIN**, candidate for the position of State Comptroller, was born at South Hadley, Massachusetts, on the 8th of March, 1848. After attending various public and private schools, he was admitted to Williams College in 1865, and graduated in 1869. On completing the regular course at the Harvard Law School, Mr. **CHAPIN** was admitted to the New Hampshire bar. A year later he removed to Brooklyn, and was admitted to the New York bar. In 1881 he was elected to the Assembly, re-elected the following year, and was chosen Speaker. He is among the youngest of those who have held that position.

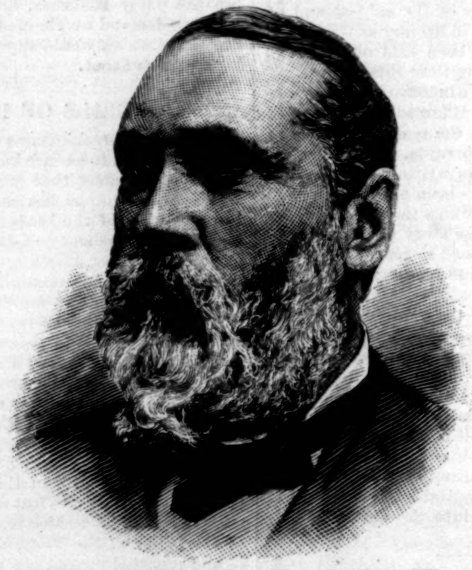
Mr. **ROBERT A. MAXWELL**, candidate for re-election as State Treasurer is a little over forty years of age, and resides at Batavia, where he has large business interests. He is a farmer's son, and was born in Washington County. Graduating at the Albany Normal School, he entered upon teaching, at the age of eighteen, in Greenwich, New York. Afterward he taught school in Kenosha, Wisconsin, but later on he went to Chicago, and engaged in the produce business. His health becoming impaired, he returned to the East, and took up the malting business in Batavia.

Mr. **DENNIS O'BRIEN**, candidate for Attorney-General, was born at Ogdensburg, in this State, of Irish parents, and is in his forty-seventh year. His boyhood was passed on a farm, and he had a common-school and academic education. He studied law at Ogdensburg, and was admitted to the bar in May, 1861. In the autumn of that year he entered the practice of the law at Watertown, where he has since resided. In 1877 he was the Democratic nominee for District Attorney of Jefferson County, and a year later was elected Mayor of Watertown. In 1880 he was the nominee of his party for Congress in his district, but was defeated by Mr. **WARNER MILLER**. He was a delegate to several State Democratic Conventions, and has been on the State Democratic Committee the past three years.

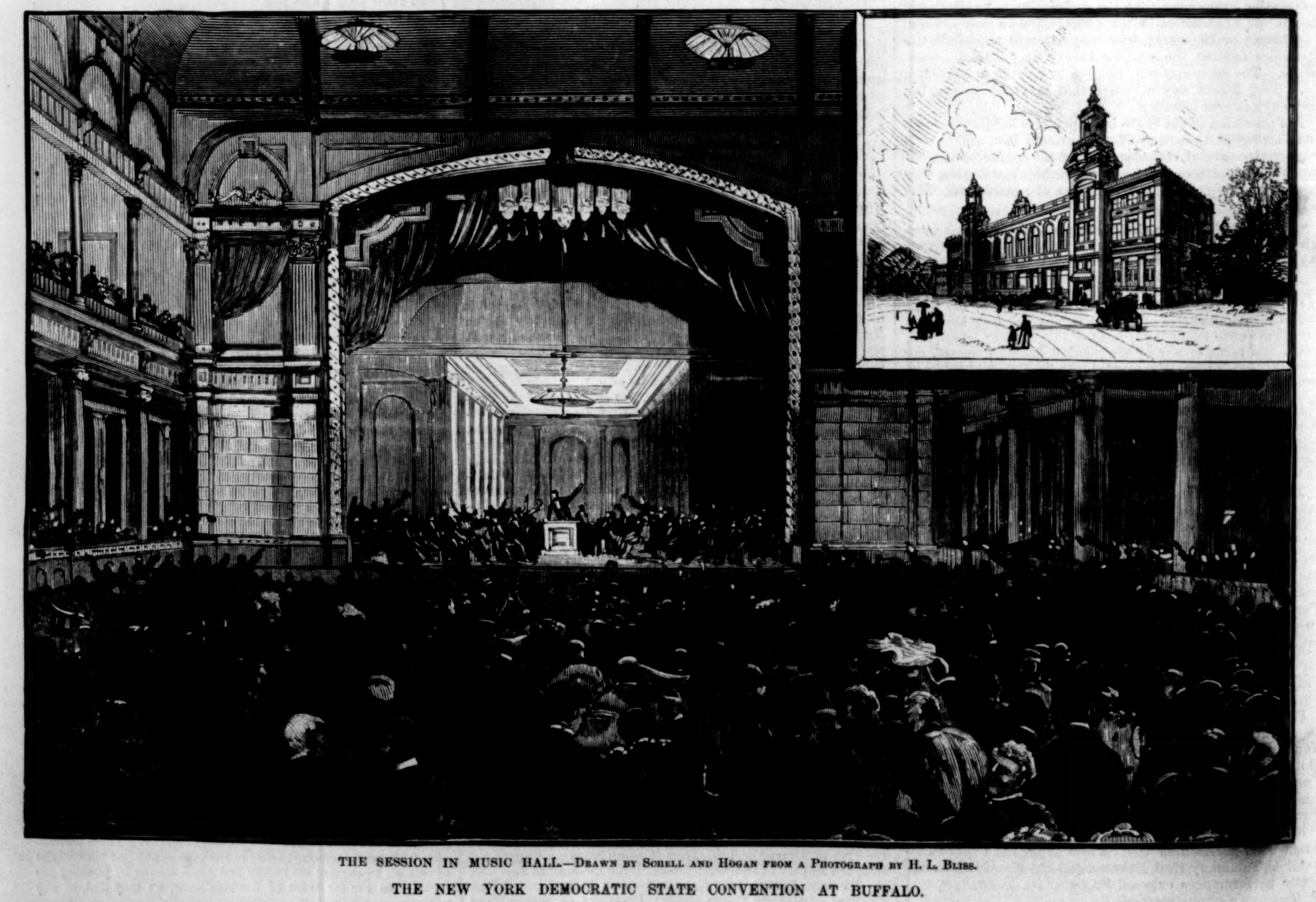
The candidate for State Engineer and Surveyor is Mr. **ELNATHAN SWEET**, of Albany.



ROBERT A. MAXWELL, CANDIDATE FOR STATE TREASURER.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.

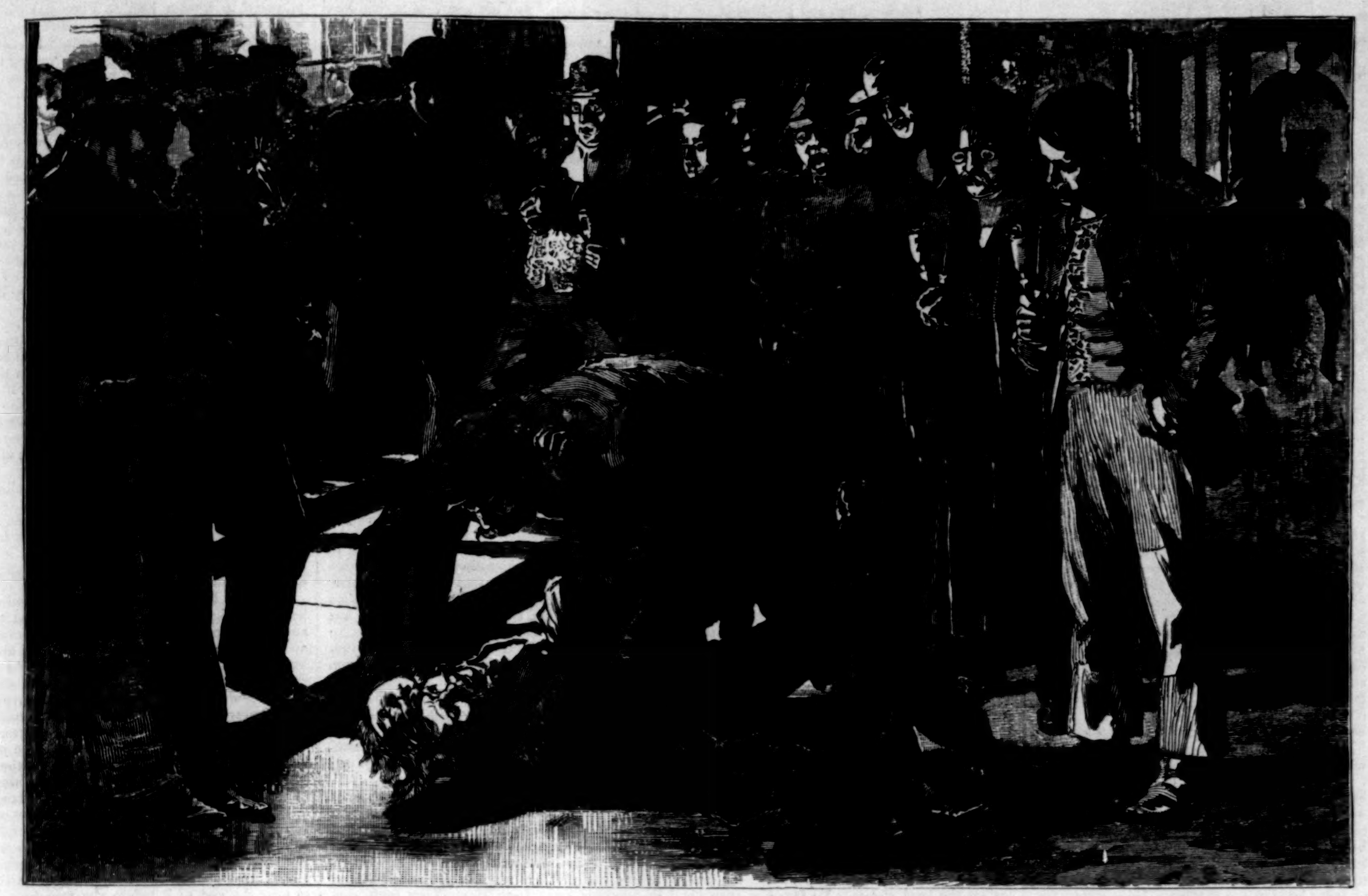


DENNIS O'BRIEN, CANDIDATE FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HARTS.

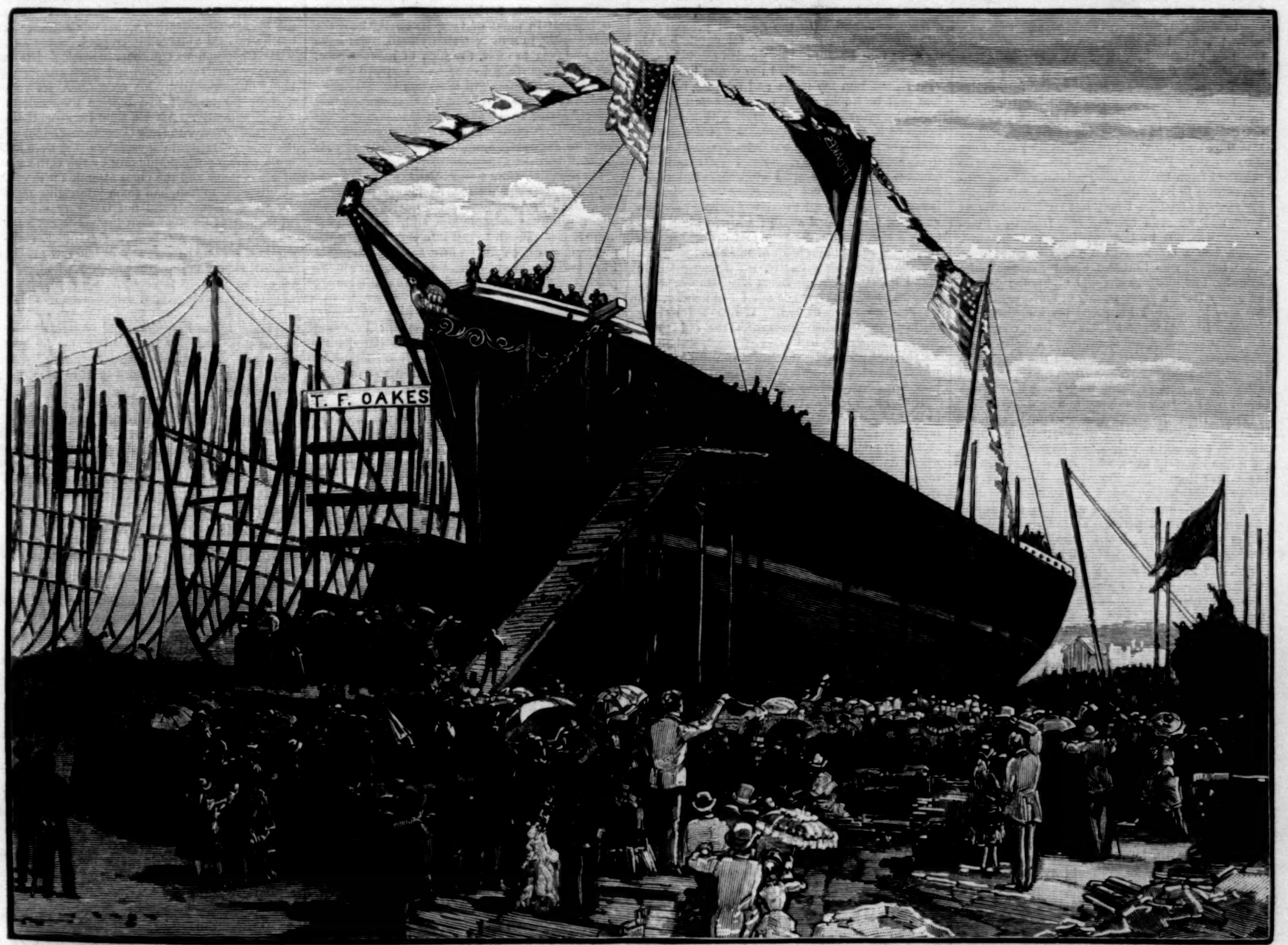


THE SESSION IN MUSIC HALL.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. L. BLISS.

THE NEW YORK DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION AT BUFFALO.



"THE THIRD HAD GOT HIM DOWN UPON HIS BACK, AND WAS DILIGENTLY POUNDING HIS HEAD AGAINST THE HARD STONES."
[SEE SERIAL "THIRLBY HALL," PAGE 630.]



THE LAUNCH OF THE IRON CLIPPER-SHIP "T. F. OAKES."—FROM A SKETCH BY F. COZZENS.—[SEE PAGE 631.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. F. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I GET INTO DOUBTFUL COMPANY.

For a week or more all Franzenshöhe could talk of nothing but the exploit of which Lady Constance had been the heroine, and I—at a respectful distance—the hero. The newspapers commented upon this latest instance of English eccentricity in terms half flattering, half ironical, while among the rank and file of Lady Constance's admirers the share which I had taken in it was naturally the subject of some envy and jealousy. Herr Von Schortzheim and Herr Von Pfortzheim, of the Body-Guard, proposed, indeed, to mount their chargers and sally forth to the Friedensberg without delay to vindicate the honor of Suabian horsemanship, and had accepted the offer of three to one, laid by Herr Von Sportzheim of the same regiment, that they would not get from Franzenshöhe to the top of the hill and back again within the two hours, when their ardor was quenched by a direct prohibition from King Rudolf, who had got wind of the affair, and gave it to be distinctly understood that such acts of headlong folly were by no means to his taste.

At the first court ball of the season, which was given soon afterward, a mild rebuke was addressed to myself from the same exalted quarter. His Majesty, after opening the proceedings according to usage by leading a stately polonaise, in which all the high dignitaries of the realm took part, was pleased to pause before me and to inform me that he had heard of my escapade. "Ché ne fous en fais pas mon gombliment, monsieur," said he, in the remarkable dialect then affected at German courts, and he went on to point out how truly pitiable would have been my position if a life full of promise, usefulness, and charm had been cut short through my heedless conduct. "I, for one, could with difficulty have brought myself to pardon you," he said.

Considering that it was Lady Constance who had involved the aforesaid valuable life and my worthless one in a common peril, this stricture seemed hardly merited; but I bowed my head beneath it in silence, and the worthy old gentleman, thinking perhaps that he had been too hard upon me, singled me out for some flattering marks of favor later in the evening. Upon the whole, I benefited by what had occurred in more ways than one. Among the Schortzheims and the Pfortzheims I obtained the reputation of a dare-devil fellow who would stick at nothing; the ladies, both native and foreign, made a lion of me in a small way; and, what was far better, Lady Constance became greatly softened in her manner toward me when we were alone. She was sorry for me, I thought; and if that was not much to have gained, it was at any rate better than nothing.

Let a man be never so hopeless and forlorn, he can not in early youth very well keep himself from occasional lapses into high spirits, and candor compels me to acknowledge that I did not at this time find the world so gloomy as I felt it my duty to do. Pemberton, the first attaché, who returned from leave in the beginning of the winter, proved to be an old school-fellow, a few years my senior, of whom I had known something at Eton, and we soon became fast friends. Pemberton was not in love with Lady Constance, which was a comfort. He was a cheery, brisk little fellow, who fluttered about Franzenshöhe in pursuit of pleasure day and night, and gathered honey from a great variety of flowers. Under his able guidance I improved my knowledge of German life and manners in other than court and aristocratic circles, and spent many a merry evening among the bourgeoisie, or in the Bierhallen where the students congregated, and where the atmosphere was so thick with smoke that one could hardly see one's opposite neighbor.

These Bierhallen varied in rank and respectability, some depending for their attraction entirely upon beer and music, others holding out baits of a less innocent kind, while one at least was little better than a gambling hell. It was at the latter establishment that I chanced one evening to meet with an adventure which in the sequel was productive of permanent and serious influences upon my life. I was alone, for Pemberton had gone to a ball to which I had not been invited, and I strolled into this place merely to fill up the evening, not to play baccarat or roulette—the company being usually composed of persons whom one felt more inclined to watch than to sit down to a card table with. It was a long, low-pitched, dirty room, crowded with noisy people, some of whom were playing billiards, some dominoes, while the majority smoked, drank beer, and looked on. Sometimes a good deal of high play took place in this shady retreat; but on that occasion the gambling element was represented only by a group of four men in a corner, who were cutting and shuffling in philosophic indifference to the hubbub that was going on around them. The noise, the foul air, and the unusually tame character of the proceedings would soon have driven me away, if I had not gradually become interested in those four card-players—or at least in one of them. In the first place, he was an Englishman, and that of itself would have been enough to excite my curiosity, for Englishmen were not common in Franzenshöhe in those days. He was a pale, fair-complexioned, rather dissipated-looking man, whose age might have been five-and-thirty, or thereabouts. He wore a mustache, which led me to set him down as either a cavalry officer or a scamp; but I inclined to the former belief, partly because he had the appearance of being a gentleman, and partly because, after watching him and his friends for a time, I shrewdly suspected that he had fallen among thieves. His three companions were foreigners of a type which it was easy enough to classify. Every now and again I caught them exchanging a significant glance or a scarcely perceptible smile. Evidently they were having a fine time of it; and evidently also my unfortunate compatriot was not quite in a condition to look after his own interests. The hand which lifted his glass of brandy and water to his lips was deplorably unsteady; he was making efforts to concentrate his muddled brains upon the game which would have been comical if they had not been rather melancholy to witness; and the puzzled frown with which he regarded the three rogues showed that he had a foggy idea that all was not as it should be. I always felt that disreputable Englishmen had a special claim upon my sympathies, for I had not yet given up the notion that I might some day recognize my cousin Harry in the person of one of them; added to which, it seemed extremely likely that there would be a row before very long. So I thought I would stay where I was, and see what would come of it all.

My expectations were not disappointed. The Englishman, who, instead of growing more tipsy, had apparently recovered possession of his faculties as the evening advanced, detected at last what no doubt had been going on the whole time. He brought his hand sharply down upon the wrist of the dealer, who was sitting next to him, forced the cards out of the man's fingers, and glancing at them, remarked, quietly, "I thought as much! Now you will be so good as to hand me back the money you have stolen from me."

The sharpers knew better than to comply with this modest request. The whole three of them started to their feet and began storming and vociferating; a crowd collected round the table; the proprietor of the establishment came running up to entreat the gentlemen to finish their dispute outside and not to get him into trouble by quarrelling on the premises; and in a few minutes the disturbers of the peace were jostled to the door and ejected, the Englishman still sticking to his man like grim death. The time for justifiable intervention seemed to have come. I pushed my way through the crowd, and, on emerging into the street, found my luckless countryman in a sorry plight. Two of his friends had vanished, but the third had got him down upon his back and was diligently pounding his head against the hard stones. To free him from his assailant was a matter of no great difficulty, but, unfortunately, while I was bending over him and inquiring whether he was much hurt, the swindler decamped with the spoil.

The Englishman got up, gasping, but not much the worse for his rough treatment; and then, before we had time to exchange a word, up came a policeman, and, with the greatest presence of mind, took us both into custody for public brawling. In vain I assured this wooden-headed functionary that he had saddled the wrong horse; in vain I gave him my name and address, warning him that he would arrest me at his own proper peril; he refused to be reasoned with. He had taken us in the act, he averred, and anything that we might have to say in our defense must be said to his superiors next day. So, as I really could not consent to be locked up, I was compelled reluctantly to take the law into my own hands. It being advisable on all grounds to avoid needless violence, I contented myself with jerking Dogberry's legs from under him, and depositing him very comfortably in a heap of mud, and while he lay there bellowing lustily, my fellow-prisoner and I bolted down the street like lamp-lighters. Whether he gave chase or not I don't know, but we saw no more of him. We darted swiftly through the narrow by-ways of the old town, where our capture had been effected, and when we reached the public gardens and the Neustadt, which quarter represents the Mayfair of Franzenshöhe, we felt ourselves tolerably safe.

However, it was just as well not to linger even in that less dangerous neighborhood; and so my companion appeared to think. "I'm very much obliged to you," said he, breathlessly; "but it won't do for us to stand here and say polite things. See you again, I hope. I'm staying at the Römischer Hof, and my name is Chapman. Good-night, and many thanks."

He hurried away as he spoke, and I thought I could not do better than follow his example. I was soon sound asleep, and it was not until I awoke and was indulging in an amused retrospect of last night's scuffle that it occurred to me that I had done a rather stupid thing in giving my name to the insulted policeman. This impression was disagreeably confirmed some hours later, when a message was brought to the Chancellerie requesting my immediate attendance upon my chief. Pemberton, to whom I had related the events of the previous evening, remarked, cheerfully, "Now you're going to catch it," and I went upstairs feeling very much as I had been used to do in by-gone days when told to "stay after twelve" for an interview with the head master.

I found Lord Rossan in his study, sitting behind a table loaded with blue-books and dispatch-boxes. He had intrenched himself, as it were, in a strong position; he had put on a black coat, and his countenance wore the expression of austere dignity which befits the envoy of a great nation. From all these portents I gathered that a severe wigging was in store for me, and the sarcastic "*Well*, Mr. Maxwell!" with which my entrance was saluted was anything but re-assuring.

I said I believed I had been sent for.

"And I presume," Lord Rossan remarked, "that you expected to be sent for. Really I am at a loss to understand what can have been your motive for conducting yourself as you did last night, unless, indeed, you are ambitious of being dismissed from her Majesty's service with ignominy."

I replied that I was not aware of having done anything as yet to justify such extreme measures.

"Oh, indeed! you don't think you have gone far enough? Then let me advise you to continue as you have begun, and you will probably arrive at the desired result. Make some more public disturbances in gambling saloons, mix yourself up with a few more gangs of swindlers, knock down another policeman or two, and then come to me and ask me to recommend you for promotion."

"I didn't knock him down," said I, feebly; "I only laid him upon his back."

"You don't say so! That, of course, makes all the difference. Unfortunately, however, the Chief of the Police, who has just called upon me to lodge a serious complaint against you, is hardly likely to appreciate these subtle distinctions at their proper value. I suppose you are aware that, if you had not happened to be attached to the staff of the British Legation, you would be at this moment in prison upon a charge of having assaulted the police in the execution of their duty."

Under the circumstances, it seemed to be rather a fortunate thing that I *was* attached to the staff of the British Legation; and although I did not say this, the thought that was passing through my mind was probably legible upon my features, for Lord Rossan continued:

"It is true that your position and mine have preserved you from penal consequences so far as this country is concerned; but whether you will find that a matter for personal congratulation is another question. You do not appear to have taken into consideration what is nevertheless a very certain fact, that I am responsible for those who act under me, and that, if it bring discredit upon me, I have very little choice but to dispense with their services."

I was really a good deal frightened by this time. "Will you allow me to give my version of the affair?" I asked, humbly.

"I shall be delighted," answered Lord Rossan; "only I must tell you that nothing can extenuate offenses of this kind. It is the mere A B C of your duty to keep out of rows, and more particularly out of street rows. However, pray go on; I am all attention."

I then gave a circumstantial account of what had happened, at the end of which Lord Rossan professed himself unable to see in what way I had improved my case. "The question," he observed, "is not whether the man was right in arresting you, still less whether you were justified in breaking away from him. Your fault consisted in getting into a row at all; and, as I told you before, that is a fault which, from the nature of the case, admits of no excuse."

Nevertheless, I had detected a twitching about the muscles of his cheek, and a quickly suppressed twinkle in the corner of his eye, which led me to hope that his bark would prove worse than his bite. "In point of fact, Maxwell," he went on presently, in a more friendly tone, "you have only one plea to offer, the plea of inexperience, and that I am ready to accept. You will not be able to bring it forward a second time, remember. Remember also in future that you are not exactly a free agent here, and that you can not damage your own reputation without in some measure damaging mine, as well as that of your nation."

He resumed, after a short pause: "I may perhaps add that when one is in low places of resort, one is, or ought to be, especially cautious about speaking to strangers, and that if one is unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the police, one is not such an infernal ass—ahem!—I say one should not be so impervious to all the promptings of common-sense—as to make known one's identity."

I admitted that I had done foolishly in this particular, and expressed my sincere contrition; and Lord Rossan, who perhaps found it rather difficult to re-assume an air of judicial severity after his little slip of the tongue, ended by laughing good-humoredly. "Don't do it again, that's all," he said. "As for your friend, whose name, luckily for himself, has not transpired, you may tell him from me that I am delighted to think he has been robbed of his money, and that I trust he will lose no time in removing himself from Franzenshöhe."

I did not think it necessary to deliver this message verbatim; but I communicated the substance of it to Mr. Chapman, whom I sought out at his hotel later in the day, and who did not seem to attach much importance to it. Seen in the light of day, Mr. Chapman was an older, paler, and somewhat more debauched-looking person than he had appeared the night before; but, to set against these disadvantages, he had a pleasant voice, and there was something peculiarly winning in his manner. He thanked me warmly for my timely assistance, said how sorry he was that my good-nature should have got me into trouble, and then gave a laughing explanation of the predicament in which I had found him. "I only arrived here yesterday, and I picked up those fellows in the train. The more fool I, you'll say."

"They were such very evident swindlers," I remarked, rather surprised that a man of his age should have been so easily taken in.

"Oh dear yes; but I had won something from them to start with, and I didn't know what to do with myself in the evening; so I let them entice me into that den of thieves. They drugged me, of course; you must have seen that for yourself. But even so, I ought not to have allowed myself to be done out of my money in such a stupid way. However, it's gone now; so there's no use in bothering about it."

"You take it very good-humoredly," I could not help remarking. He was lounging in an arm-chair before the fire, and looked the personification of lazy contentment.

"Well, yes," he said. "One may as well take the inevitable in that way as in any other."

After a short silence I asked him whether he proposed to remain long in Franzenshöhe; to which he replied that he really didn't know: it would depend upon circumstances. "I believe," he added, "that a friend of mine is staying here—Lady Constance Milner, whom of course you know, as she is a sister of Lord Rossan's. Can you tell me her address?"

"She has rooms at the Legation," I answered; and with that absurd jealousy which every fresh person who claimed acquaintance with Lady Constance stirred up in my breast, I scrutinized Mr. Chapman's small, prettyish features and somewhat effeminate type of countenance, concluding comfortably that he was not her style at all.

"What—in the house itself? That's rather unfortunate," said he, smiling. "I suppose I mustn't venture to call upon her, then. Lord Rossan would probably think it his duty to have me summarily ejected."

"I am quite sure he wouldn't do that," replied I; "but Lady Constance has her own rooms, which he never enters, and she is always at home about five o'clock. I shall be looking in there presently: we might walk down together, if you like."

Mr. Chapman hesitated. "Oh, I am in no hurry," he said; "any time will do." But presently he seemed to think better of it, and said he would go with me.

"I suppose, at whatever time I go, I shall find her surrounded by a crowd," he observed.

I admitted that this was highly probable, and hazarded the conjecture that he had known Lady Constance for some time.

"Yes, for several years," he replied. "She is a—a lady who has a large acquaintance."

Somehow I did not think that his sentence had been originally intended to end in that way, and I wondered what he had been going to say, and why a suspicion of a smile hovered about his lips for a minute or two. But he did not gratify my curiosity. He began to talk about Franzenshöhe and its resources, and about German characteristics generally, chatting pleasantly enough upon these subjects for a quarter of an hour, after which we walked across the public gardens, and entered the Legation together.

As usual, a little group of visitors was assembled in the semi-obscurity of Lady Constance's drawing-room, where the candles had not yet been lighted. They were all sitting round the fire, listening to an anecdote about the lately married Empress Eugénie which one of the French attachés was relating, and Lady Constance waited to hear the end of it before she rose from her chair. She greeted the new arrival in her customary manner, as if she had seen him the day before. "How do you do? You and Mr. Maxwell have been distinguishing yourselves, I hear. At least I presume you are the unknown Englishman of the adventure." And, without waiting for his reply, she returned to her place, and resumed the French conversation which our entrance can hardly be said to have interrupted.

Mr. Chapman was perhaps accustomed to her ways; at any rate, he did not show any sign of being disconcerted by his reception. He found a chair for himself just outside the circle, and waited patiently. After a time I noticed that he had drawn nearer to Lady Constance, and that under cover of general conversation they were holding a colloquy which, judging by the earnestness of his manner and the close attention with which she listened to him, had some interesting matter for its subject. It did not last very long, and when he had finished what he had to say he got up and quietly withdrew. The other visitors dropped off one by one, and at length I alone remained sitting opposite my hostess, who had taken out some ivory tablets and a pencil, and was apparently making rapid calculations by the fire-light.

Presently she looked up, and remarked: "You are getting on. My brother tells me he hasn't given any one such a lecture for years as he gave you this morning. It seems to have been richly deserved, too."

I said I didn't see that at all. Was I to allow a man to be half murdered before my eyes?

"You ought not to go to places where people are likely to be half murdered, and rather than compromise your career, you ought to allow all the Chapmans in the world to be quite murdered."

"Poor Chapman! And he said you were a friend of his!"

"Did he? That was pretty cool of him. On second thoughts, though, I don't know why he shouldn't call me his friend if he likes. I don't mind."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Really," said Lady Constance, "I can't tell you *who* he is; I never thought of inquiring. I know *what* he is."

"And what is that?"

"Well, so far as his dealings with me are concerned, he is a sort of tout."

"A tout?"

"I mean an individual who picks up information for me and gives me tips about the money market. I must say for him that he has rendered me valuable services at different times."

"So that, perhaps, he is entitled to call himself your friend, after all."

"Oh, I make it worth his while, of course. If I win, he gets his share of the plunder; if I lose, he is none the worse off. Sometimes he makes mistakes; but as a rule he is to be depended upon. I could have made a fortune through him more than once if I had only had capital enough to work upon, or pluck enough to work without it."

"But why doesn't he make his own fortune, if he has such opportunities?" I asked.

"I suppose because he has neither capital nor pluck; but I don't know much about him."

"I am sorry he turns out to be that sort of fellow," said I, musingly. "I rather took to him; I thought he seemed to be like a gentleman."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

"I dare say he is a gentleman," Lady Constance said; "indeed, I should think he probably was a gentleman by birth. I can't agree with you in liking him, though. He strikes me as a poor-spirited creature, and I fancy, by the look of him, that he drinks."

"I wish—" I began, and then checked myself.

"What do you wish? But I know. You wish I could keep clear of relations with such shady characters. Ah! so do I, for the matter of that; but necessity has no law. Everybody, they say, must swallow a peck of dirt before he dies. I know many great and good people who swallow whole bushels of dirt, and look as if they liked it. If you must needs put on your wishing-cap, wish that I may be able to like it. You couldn't do me a greater kindness."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

The character of the scenery along the valley of the Upper Mississippi is so entirely different from that along the southern division of the same great waterway as to excite constant surprise in the mind of the traveller who, from the deck of an up-river steamboat, views it for the first time. Instead of the dark bayous and vast stretches of low sedge-land or flat savanna which form the predominating features of the lower river, the upper valley is filled with bold bluffs of limestone and sandstone, crowned with dark cedars, and worn by the elements into most fantastic forms. The explorer Schoolcraft, who discovered Lake Itasca in 1832, in writing of this upper valley, says:

"It is bounded on each side by corresponding bluffs of calcareous rocks which attain a general elevation of four hundred feet, and throw an interest over the scene which prairies and forests, woody islands and winding channels, beautiful and picturesque as they certainly are, must fail to create. It is to these bluffs, now shooting into spiral columns, naked and crumbling, now sloping into grassy hills, or intersected by lateral valleys, here grouped in the fantastic forms of some antiquated battlement mocking the ingenuity of man, there stretching as far as the eye can reach in a perpendicular wall, but ever varying, pleasing, and new, that the valley of the Upper Mississippi owes its grandeur and magnificence. Its broad and glittering channel, its woodless prairies and aspiring forests, its flowering shrubs and animated productions, only serve to fill up and give effect to the imposing outline so boldly sketched by the pencil of nature in these sublime and pleasing bluffs."

On page 632 our artist in the "Sugar Loaf" and "Chimney Rock" has represented some of the strangely beautiful effects that produced such deep impressions upon Mr. Schoolcraft, as they have also upon all travellers who have succeeded him.

In the upper right-hand corner of the group of sketches is one of the "Maiden's Rock," which, on account of the legend connected with it, forms the most interesting feature of the landscape surrounding Lake Pepin. This so-called lake is merely a widening of the river, half a day's sail below St. Paul, in which for twenty-five miles it attains an average width of from four to five miles. According to the legend, the Maiden's Rock, rising abruptly from its eastern shore for nearly five hundred feet, was during the early days of the occupation of the Northwest by the whites the scene of a melancholy tragedy. The Indian girl Winona loved a white man, a young hunter, who was one of the first of his race to penetrate thus far into the wilderness. He would have married her, but her parents forbade this, drove him from the village, and set the day upon which Winona must wed a young chief of her tribe, for whom she had no liking. On the morning of the dreaded day, finding other escape impossible, the devoted girl fled to the summit of the rock that still stands a monument to her memory, chanted her death-song, and, in spite of the entreaties of her parents, flung herself headlong from the giddy height. To this day, as, in the still hours of night, the raftsman floats over the placid waters of Lake Pepin, he fancies he hears the sweet far-away notes of the death-song from above the Maiden's Rock, and the passing tourist gazes upon it with an interest which is awakened by no other feature of the landscape.

The Upper Mississippi was first seen at the mouth of the Wisconsin River by the Jesuits Marquette and Joliet, who in 1673 left Lake Michigan, at Green Bay, ascended the Fox River, and by a short portage gained the head-waters of the Wisconsin, down which they floated to the Mississippi. As they descended the latter river, it was left for Father Hennepin to discover the chief beauties of its upper valley six years later. He did so involuntarily, having been captured by Indians at the mouth of the Illinois River, and taken to the Sioux villages sixty leagues above the Falls of St. Anthony. The prisoner revenged himself by attaching forever to the grandest falls of the entire river the name of the brown-robed friar of Padua, for which he displaced the musical I-ra-ra (laugh) of the Sioux, and the Ka-ka-bi-kah (severed rock) of the Chippewas.

Although the vast rafts of lumber, on which whole families live for weeks, and sometimes months, still form prominent features of the river scenery, the great clumsy flat-boats, or "broad-horns," once so common, are fast disappearing. Before the advent of steamboats they formed the sole means of transportation for freight, and also carried many passengers, who were obliged to work their passage in place of paying a fare in money. A story is related of one of these primitive arks, which, though old, will bear repetition. A traveller wished to engage passage from far up on the river to New Orleans, but for some time the captain of the "broad-horn," not fancying his looks, refused to take him. At length he relented, and the passenger, with his grip-sack, was taken aboard. For several months he worked with the rest of the crew, sharing their good and ill fortune with such cheerful good-nature that he became a general favorite. At length they reached New Orleans, and the passenger, stepping up to the captain, held out his hand to shake a farewell. Grasping the proffered hand warmly, the captain exclaimed: "Good-by, Mr. G——, good-by. I'm sorry to see ye go. I didn't want ye at first, for I thought you was a gentleman, and I didn't want none of them long-legged cusses yawping around and asking nonsense questions; but now I'm glad you come, for, by jingo, thar ain't nothin' of the gentleman about you. Good-by, Mr. G——, good-by."

The "broad-horns" are still occasionally to be seen, loaded with the produce of the country adjacent to the waters of some tributary stream. They are propelled by long sweeps, or, with great square sail set, move heavily before the impulse of a favoring wind; but they no longer carry passengers. This branch of the business was long ago monopolized by the swift high-pressure, light-draught river steamers, which have also captured most of the freight traffic. Of these steamers the first up-river boat was the old *Virginia*, 118 feet long, and drawing six feet of water, which made a trip to the mouth of the Minnesota, or St. Peter's River, in 1823. Among the innumerable successors of the *Virginia* are a score of fine passenger-boats bearing such names as *War Eagle*, *Northern Light*, *Golden Era*, and *Gray Eagle*. Their grand saloons are of the gold and white, gingerbread, highly ornate pattern which impresses the rural Westerner so profoundly, and which he recognizes as the standard by which to gauge all magnificence.

"Indeed," said Mrs. Jones, of Jonesville, on the Upper Mississippi, when trying to impress her neighbor Mrs. Smith with the grandeur of Mrs. Brown's palatial Fifth Avenue mansion—"indeed her parlor is quite as handsome as a steamboat cabin."

The water of the Upper Mississippi is as clear as that of the Hudson, and its wonderful scenery is destined to become nearly as famous as that of the latter river. The view from the ramparts of old Fort Snelling, at the confluence of the Mississippi and Minnesota, is alone almost worth a journey to St. Paul to gaze upon, and it is but one of a thousand views equally grand that offer themselves from as many points along the valley of the Upper Mississippi.

IRON SHIPS ON THE DELAWARE.

The recent completion by the American Ship-building Company, at Chester, Pennsylvania, of the superb iron sailing ship *T. F. Oakes*, marks an era in the history of naval construction in the United States. The new ship is not only the largest iron ship of her class ever built in this country, but is one of the largest and finest in the world. Although this ship-building company was only organized last March, with Henry H. Gorringe, of Obelisk fame, as President, and the keel of this their first large ship was laid in May, she was launched nearly ready for sea a few days since. She is a full-rigged, three-masted ship, 284 feet long over all, and has an extreme breadth of 42 feet. Her lower masts and spars are of iron, and she is provided with all the modern steam appliances for hoisting yards, weighing anchor, taking in cargo, etc. Her sail area is 26,000 square feet, and she is furnished with double suits of sails.

Her name, *T. F. Oakes*, was given by her owner, William H. Starbuck, of New York, out of compliment to the Vice-President of the Northern Pacific Railway. She is intended for the grain trade, and will sail on her first voyage from New York to San Francisco, thence to Liverpool, thence to Calcutta, and from there back to New York.

This new iron ship-building company is making a specialty of iron centre-board schooners for coastwise trade, and have already several of these afloat, besides two more on the stocks. In addition to these they are building another ship larger than the *Oakes*, a freight and passenger steamer, four tugs, and a steam-collier with a capacity of 1200 tons. They entertain most sanguine hopes of the future of this comparatively new American industry, and speak of the Delaware as the "Clyde of America."

THE CHINESE WALL.

Somewhat more than two thousand years ago it entered the head of Chi Hwangti that a wall between his dominions and the country of the Huns would keep those restless warriors from making so many destructive and unwelcome visits among his people. The most despotic of modern monarchs would hesitate before such an undertaking, but probably it never occurred to Chi to consider the wishes of anybody but himself, and therefore he gave orders that the wall should be built. Every third laboring-man in the realm was drafted for the great work, and as much of it required only unskilled labor, and as the forces were continually strengthened by fresh relays, it is not wonderful that even as many as fifteen hundred miles of wall should have been built within ten years.

Chi did not live to see the wall completed, nor indeed did any of his family; but nevertheless the wall has served to hand his fame down to the present ages even better than the hatred of him which is taught children to this day in China. The reason given for execrating his memory is that he sacrificed so many lives in hurrying forward the completion of the wall. Tens of thousands of laborers are said to have died from overwork. It is much more likely, however, that he owes this hatred to an offense committed against the literati of the country. When he usurped the throne of China, and murdered all who were of royal blood, he took the name of Chi Hwangti, or First Emperor, instead of his own name of Chwangsiang Wang. He not only took the title, but he made an effort to have himself considered the first emperor by future ages by issuing an order that all records previous to his time should be destroyed. He was especially anxious that the writings of Confucius and Mencius should be burned, and fearing that some of the learned men might rewrite those works from memory, he executed five hundred of the literati. The men who wield the pen are dangerous to offend, and it is probably due to them that Chi is now execrated. It is interesting to know that the name China, by which we know a great country, and which is unknown by the inhabitants of that country, comes from the house from which the builder of the great wall sprang. Tsin, or Chin, was the dynasty which Chi Hwangti founded, and was so called from the name of the feudal state which he had governed before usurping the throne.

In its best parts the wall is composed of a body of earth and small stones faced with masonry on the side toward Mongolia, and merely banked up on the inner side by a sloping wall of earth. A top surface paved with brick and about fifteen feet wide is maintained in some places, but in many others the wall is only distinguishable on the inner side by the parapet of bricks which for the most part crowns the entire length of the wall. On the outer side the wall ranges from twelve to thirty feet in height. The eastern end of the wall is now and was originally the best portion, the western end degenerating into a mere embankment of earth, which frequently is completely lost sight of. As the wall runs over the crests of the mountains, it is terraced, and in places presents the appearance of a gigantic stairway. At intervals there are towers about forty feet in height, built not on but near the wall, and it is in these towers that such guards as there are are stationed.

The utter uselessness of the wall is evident at a glance. It would be unfair to condemn it because it would soon crumble before a fire of artillery, but it is because it could not keep out even the soldiery of the time when it was built that it must be condemned. It is easy to imagine an army of Huns smiling sardonically at the sight of such a barrier to their progress; and, moreover, the facts of history prove that whenever the northern tribes wished to enter China they did so. In its pictorial aspect the wall is both pleasing and striking, as in consequence of the bareness of the hills over which it runs it can be followed by the eye from a suitable eminence for a long distance. Over hills and valleys it trails like a huge serpent, now darting out a spur here to fortify some almost inaccessible crag, and now doubling around a too convenient basin.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

The late Mr. Marwood, Hangman.—Matthew Arnold's Pension.—The Laureate's heavy task.—Old War Ships sold.—Crowning a Rose Queen.—A Jeremiad.—Enterprising Brigands.

It is said that when Marwood lately visited the House of Commons he looked with peculiar interest at one of the more prominent of the professional obstructionists, as a tailor regards a possible customer, with an eye to a fit; he was accompanied by a small bridal party, to which he had previously acted as "best man." What a curious choice it seems for a bridegroom to make! One hears a gentleman at the altar jocularly spoken of as being "turned off," but that he should employ professional assistance of this kind is something amazing. In case, however, the system should become fashionable, Mr. M. was careful to leave his address—Church Lane, Horncastle, Lincolnshire—with the doorkeeper of the hereditary chamber. Perhaps, in the case of a government official entering the matrimonial noose, there would be a certain appropriateness in employing him, but I doubt his ever being patronized by the Peers. At one time, when no peer could be hung, but only beheaded, the contemplation of the members of the Upper House would have had a curious interest for Mr. Marwood, as being "quite out of his line." Since the above was written poor Mr. Marwood has "gone over to the majority"; his death will probably be considered in Ireland to be "a judgment."

There has been discontent expressed that Mr. Matthew Arnold should have had £250 a year conferred upon him from the Civil List. It is alleged that he is too "well-to-do." I do not know his financial circumstances, but it is hardly likely that a man of his character would have applied for the grant unless he stood in need of it. As a prince of the Bonapartes has just received a similar pension for writing books that nobody ever read, we need not surely grudge a true English poet and brilliant essayist the same sum from the public purse. For my part, I only regret that a man who has written so much, and on the whole so well, should stand in need of any subsidy of the kind. Poetry and essays, however, are their own reward. It is curious to contrast, indeed, the great reputation of some literary men with the pecuniary results they receive; while, on the other hand, some successful playwright who appeals to "the groundlings" makes his tens of thousands.

Even poetry, however, is not all ideal, and has sometimes to concern itself with very commonplace subjects—if one is a very great poet indeed; at all events, if one is laureate. I wonder whether it *can* be true that the unfortunate Mr. Tennyson has been sent for to Osborne, and requested to write a new "Lycidas" upon the demise of the late Mr. John Brown? One can not but picture the face of the bard upon receiving this royal command. (What a picture, by-the-bye, it would make for *Punch!*) I once knew a little "last joined" Woolwich cadet who was compelled (with wickets) to make a poetical address extempore, in the presence of his tormentors, to the moon. I suppose, however, the laureate was allowed to go home and think about it. I can see him now with *Webster's Rhyming Dictionary* (for the thing *can't* come naturally) and the *Court Guide* and "Lycidas" before him.

> "We laureates in our youth begin in gladness,
> But thereof comes in the end Despondency and Madness."

"Among the novelists of next season," I read, we are to have the wife of a judge, whose husband has pronounced the MS. to be a work of the highest order. I am not surprised—I should not be surprised if the wife of an archbishop wrote a novel—but the question is, "Is he a *good* judge?"

Six of our old war ships have been sold to a timber firm in London, one of them the *Rodney*, whose "actions" are historical. What does the firm do with them? it may be asked. I happen to know: they sell them (to me amongst others) for fire-wood. Ship timber makes beautiful fires, and burns blue and all sorts of colors. Next winter, perhaps, I shall have a historical fire. It is much better than burning my MSS., as some have recommended. But really it seems rather a shame. Why do not rich people, who have a turn for relics, and give untold gold for a chair of Marie Antoinette's, or (worse) Madame Du Barry's, buy the *Rodney* and put it in their lake at home, as they turn a veteran steed out to grass? It would at least be something to talk about—a very great desideratum in the country.

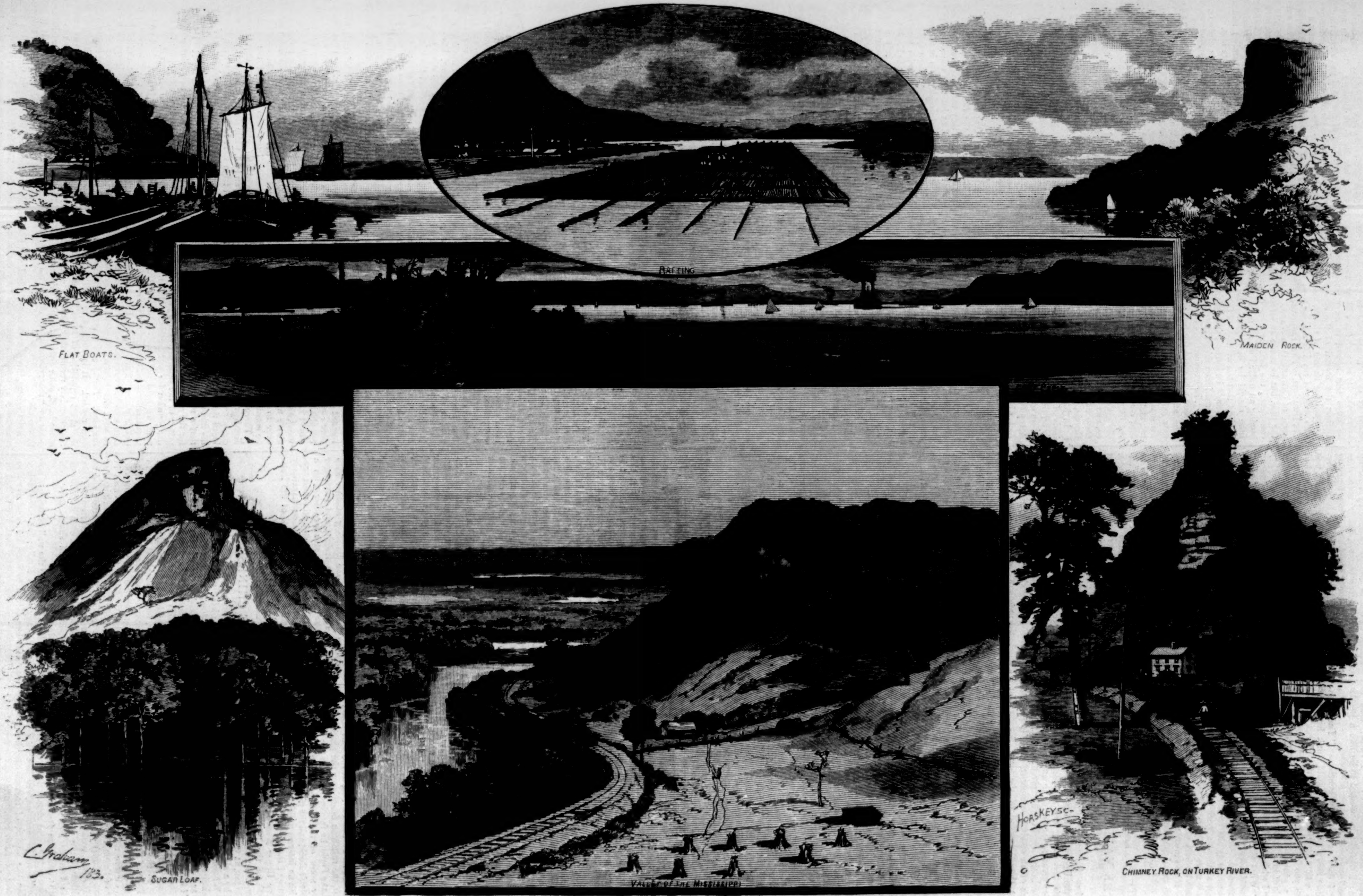
We have been crowning a Rose Queen in the Rosary at the Crystal Palace, with heralds, and acolytes, and all the rest of it, as in France. I am very glad to hear that any young lady in the New Kent Road should have given such satisfaction to her friends and neighbors as to have earned this honor, but I don't think such displays are very wholesome, or do much good to the young person they intend to honor. I am quite sure they are not suitable to the national taste. Horrid boys followed the heralds, pointing out the fact that their legs were padded. The impression left by the narrative of the proceedings is that the whole ceremony was open to this remark. To be told that it was "a custom of the days of Louis XIV." does not, "taking one consideration with another," seem to me to quite dispose of all objections to it.

The last electrical invention records and reproduces conversations carried on through the telephone. The next will perhaps do the same for ordinary table-talk. This will be very wholesome. I think if people could read in black and white the inane observations they make at dinner parties, for example, they would be a little more careful—or more silent. The best printed conversation of this sort is in one of Trollope's novels, where he makes two military gentlemen communicate their views upon spiritualism to one another. It is not at all too bad to be true. The most ludicrous talk, perhaps, is that one overhears (and can not, alas! help overhearing) upon piers at watering-places during the summer months. It is built upon the Socratic system: all questions except a modicum of answers. "Have you ever been to France? Do you like band music? Can you swim?" To which the fair one answers in monosyllables.

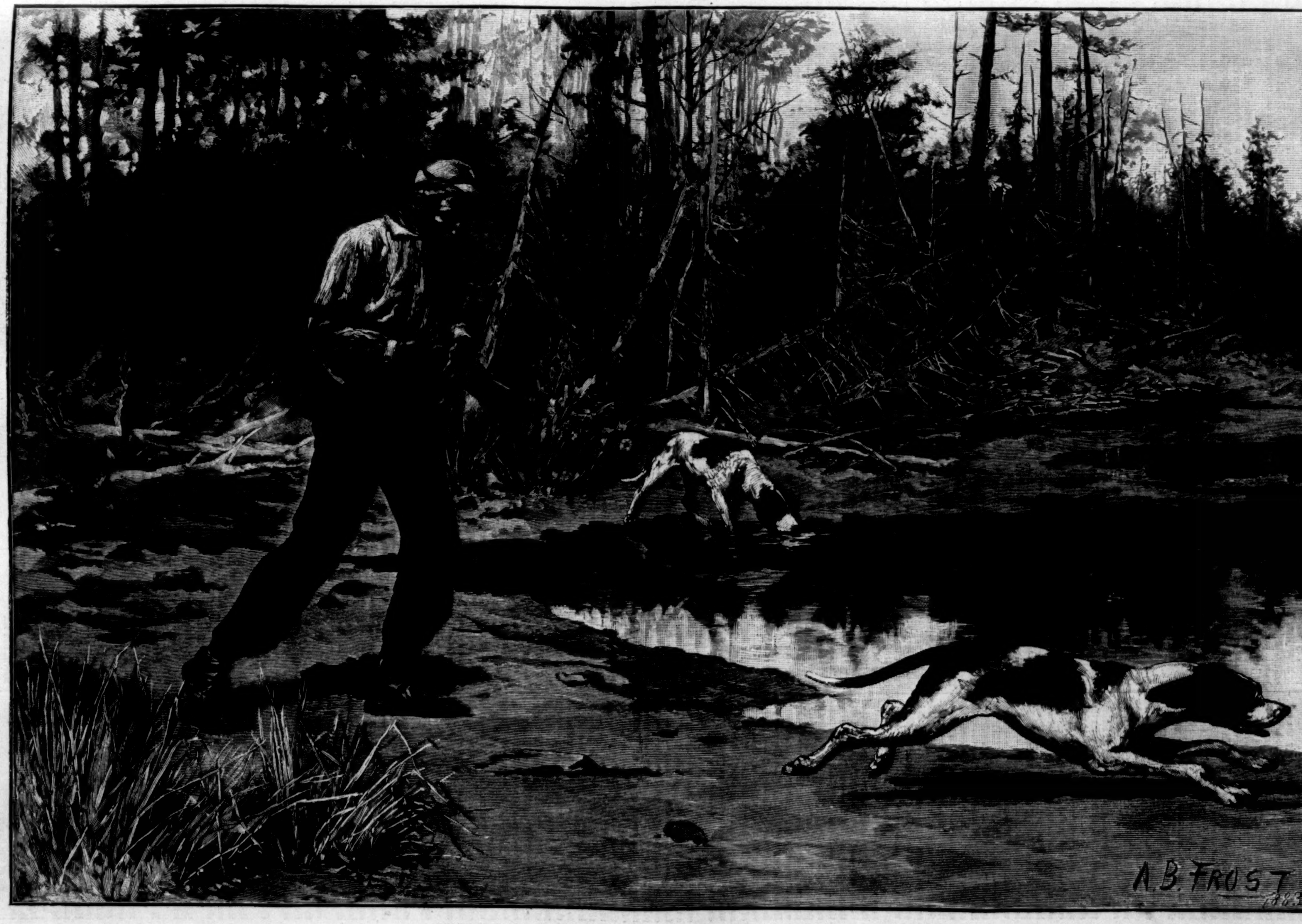
We have been laughing at the French Red Sea enterprise for the recovery of Pharaoh's chariots, while all the time there has been a Tara Trust Fund (it must have been on trust indeed) among ourselves to excavate Tara Mount, in the County Meath, "to recover the deeds given to the prophet Jeremiah when he purchased the land of Palestine." The company, it seems, has suffered losses, and its subscribers are described in the treasurer's sheet, who has had the misfortune to become a bankrupt, as "partly secured creditors." If the security depends upon the recovery of those other securities, this phrase is the most euphemistic that I have ever met with. The lament of these unfortunates may well be called "a Jeremiad."

I have so little sympathy with brigands, whether Greek, Turk, or Italian, that I can not fancy a man's being proud of a country in which such scoundrels are permitted to exist, far less to flourish; but still, when a thing is done, even though it be brigandage, one has a certain satisfaction in seeing it done well. Viewed in this light, I can not withhold my admiration of that marauding band who captured the municipal authorities of Florian the other day, Governor, Cadi, and all, while sitting in council. Imagine a band from East London seizing on the Court of Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Mace-bearer, and Chaplain, and carrying them off from the Guildhall into the recesses of Epping Forest! How convenient it would be for the new scheme of municipal reform! And yet I don't suppose the Home Secretary would venture to wink at it.

I see that a castor-oil is advertised as being without taste. I dare say the discovery is not true; but if it *be* true, what a vista of happiness (if happiness is relief from misery) does this open to medicine-takers! If castor-oil can be made tasteless, one can believe that rhubarb can be made palatable, and black-dose absolutely attractive. There is nothing so horrible as castor-oil. And certainly it is a great reproach to medical science that drugs have hitherto remained so repulsive to the palate. I have heard it urged that no improvement has been made in this respect lest invalids should glut themselves with medicine. This is rubbish. Why, if chemists—I mean dispensing chemists—thought *that*, they would never cease experimentalizing till they had made jalap like Turkish delight, and calomel as caraways. Pooh! R. Kemble, of London.


FLAT BOATS.
RAFTING
MAIDEN ROCK.
SUGAR LOAF.
VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI
HORSKEY SC.
CHIMNEY ROCK, ON TURKEY RIVER.
C. Graham '83.

THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 631.]


A.B. FROST
1883

"WATERING DEER"—INDIAN PUTTING THE DOGS ON A TRAIL.—[SEE PAGE 635.]

THE UNFORTUNATE GRANDSON OF MRS. HODGE.

One very hot morning a young woman mounted the many stone steps that led to a pretentious mansion in the metropolis, and rang the bell. Her unexceptionable appearance puzzled the liveried party that replied to her summons. He looked helplessly from the name upon her card to herself. The name upon the card was "Miss Madeline Coutts," but the poor flunky was very much at a loss what to do with her. There was a certain aroma of style and assurance about this young woman that forbade his leaving her standing in the hall, but whether to introduce her to the sacred precincts reserved for the habitués of the house— ?

"In reply to an advertisement of Mrs. Hodge's," said Miss Coutts, quietly.

"Oh, ay—that indeed," said the relieved footman; and immediately showed her into a small room at the end of the hall.

She had not to wait long. Her arrival seemed to be eagerly expected; but the few minutes that she remained there alone assured her that the apartment was uncomfortably small, choked with costly knickknacks of an artistic nature, and the one window was shrouded with brocatelle and lace. Miss Coutts rarely used a fan; her composure of manner and immobility of feature gave her the appearance of being cool; but she really was as hot as one of her controlled temperament could be. When Mrs. Hodge came into the room it became immediately several degrees hotter. She was a lady of ponderous dimensions, fat, swarthy, and red. Miss Coutts, being thin, fair, and pale, began at once to struggle with a natural antipathy. Mrs. Hodge had an asthmatic affection that made it necessary for her to gasp out her sentences, so that Miss Coutts felt as if every word was impelled by a powerful caloric within this immense mechanism.

Miss Coutts was prepared to hear that her errand was in vain, as so many errands of hers of the same nature had been; the advertisement had been couched in such ambiguous terms, and the remuneration offered was so unusually large, that Miss Coutts had had very little hopes of success. She thought she would try; it was her imperative duty to try, and keep on trying; but she had grown almost hopeless, and a remark that was just now shot at her from the asthmatic Mrs. Hodge almost startled her. It placed Miss Coutts in the novel position of hesitating to accept a very lucrative offer. In any other case the sum of money proffered would have caused her immediately but quietly to close with the terms, and under her cold exterior would have been a quickening of all the pulses that led to delight.

But Mrs. Hodge had said that for this large sum of money she was to take entire charge of an idiot. Mrs. Hodge had used the term "defective intellect," but Miss Coutts could easily construe her meaning, especially when she was told that the boy was nineteen years old, and had not the entire control of his limbs; that a plan of education had been devised for him by the distinguished physicians having the case in charge, the Kindergarten method, combined with others that Mrs. Hodge would explain: for instance, his last governess had devoted several hours a day to taking her pupil into the grounds adjoining the house, which were fitted up expressly for the purpose, and leading him gradually to take notice of form and color. He had shown a fondness for flowers, which it was hoped might lead to great results. Every movement and articulation of the pupil must be carefully noted down. His former governess had put them in the shape of a diary, which the physicians interested in the case had considered an excellent idea. Mrs. Hodge would show Miss Coutts the form of diurnal annotation undertaken by the late lamented governess.

"Is she dead?" said Miss Coutts, becoming perceptibly paler.

"Yes—oh yes," said Mrs. Hodge, walking over to an escritoire of marble and bronze, and taking from a secret drawer the diary of the late governess. "Yes—we regret—to say—that she—is dead," gasped Mrs. Hodge. "The physicians—and myself—all agree—that had she lived—a material improvement—would have—taken place—in my—unfortunate—grandson."

Miss Coutts felt an emotion of pity for the woman before her, but it was not strong enough to neutralize the effect of the knowledge that the late governess had actually died in the work agreed upon.

"Did she die here—in this house?" said Miss Coutts.

"Yes; she had—no friends—or relatives—in this country. She died—we regret—to say—from nervous—exhaustion. She was—an estimable—creature. Here is—her last—annotation."

Miss Coutts could not restrain a cold chill down her vertebræ as she took the album of the late lamented governess in her hand.

"Please—read—aloud," said Mrs. Hodge; and Miss Coutts read:

"*July* 10.—Ernst becoming more and more accusto[illegible] to the use of a fork at meals. Was com[illegible] to restrain his appetite at breakfast. *Items.*—Small plate of soup; slice of bread; two soft-boiled eggs; about five ounces of rare beefsteak; large saucer of oatmeal; one cup of coffee. Here restrained. At 8 A.M. went into garden; plucked morning-glory—common convolvulus; held it before Ernst. He clutched it, tore it in pieces, distinctly articulating the words, 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah!' *Mem.*—In this ejaculation is there not some analogy to the word 'glory,' thus connecting a thought of the patient with the name of the flower?"

Here the annotation ended.

"Was the late governess buried from this house?" said Miss Coutts.

"Yes; only—a—week—ago," said Mrs. Hodge; "and now, if—you—please, we—will—go—to—the—apartments—of—my—unfortunate—grandson."

"Excuse me," said Miss Coutts. "I beg you will allow me some consideration of your proposal. I am not prepared just now."

Miss Coutts was visibly embarrassed. Her sympathy for Mrs. Hodge struggled perceptibly with her repugnance to the proposed task.

"How—much—time—do—you—require?" said Mrs. Hodge, coldly. "Too—much—has—been—lost—already. Ernst—has—deteriorated—shockingly—since—the—death—of—his—late—lamented—attendant."

"I must decline, if you please, all further consideration of your proposal," said Miss Coutts, firmly. "I am perfectly assured that I would be quite incompetent."

"No—no; don't—give—it—up," said the poor woman. "Don't; you—can—do—it—if—you—try. Come—and—see—him. He—isn't—so—bad, when—you—get—used—to—him. He—used—to—be—violent, and—bite; he—don't—bite—any—more."

Miss Coutts got upon her feet.

"I am very sorry," she said, "but I can not think of it—not for a moment."

"See—here," said the wretched grandmother. "Your—appearance—pleases—me; you—are—a—lady—every inch—of you. I'll—give—you—more—money; you—can—save—it—up. His—late—governess—had—money—in—the—bank—enough—to—bury—her—and—more."

"Please excuse me now," said Miss Coutts, beginning herself to gasp out her words. "I'll—think—of—it. I will, indeed."

"When—shall—I—see—you—again?" said poor Mrs. Hodge. "This—evening?"

"Yes," said Miss Coutts, knowing perfectly well that with her consent she would *never* see her again.

Mrs. Hodge rang the bell. The footman opened one of the big front doors. Miss Coutts took a long breath, and ran lightly down the steps, scarcely leaving off running till she turned the corner. Reaching her boarding-house, she immediately shut herself up in her room, and began a letter to her brother at the South:

"I know perfectly well, dear Tom, how important it is that I should get something to do. I know that everything is sold, the money gone, and that you are reduced to living upon a paltry salary, which you can ill afford to share with anybody; that my habits must seem dreadfully expensive to you; that you are in love, and naturally want to marry; and that I am the most miserable millstone that ever cumbered the neck of the dearest brother in the world."

Here the pen remained suspended over the paper. Miss Coutts looked carefully at the door to see that it was closed, at the windows to see that the blinds were down, then she dropped the pen, and putting both her shapely hands upon her temples, she let the tears rain out of her eyes upon the letter before her. She restrained her sobs: not for the world would she let the young couple in the adjoining room know that she had cause for tears.

"So proud," she murmured, "and so poor—so miserably poor! Tom has an idea that nothing but teaching of a certain kind will do, and so he keeps me a dependent upon his bounty. And such a bounty! Poor dear boy! I'll have to take this place. I'll have to go and live with this idiot, keep him from choking at his meals or stabbing himself with his fork, and for a change I can go into the garden—always with my madman—and show him a morning-glory that he'll scream 'Hallelujah' over, and in his ecstasy perhaps take a piece out of my arm. But I'll do it. Yes, for Tom's sake, I'll go there, and die in that awful house, like the other lamented one, with the unfortunate grandson of Mrs. Hodge; and what is left over from my funeral I'll leave to Tom."

At this moment there was a knock at the door. Miss Coutts lifted her head, pressed her fingers a moment upon her eyes, and brushed back her hair. "Come," she said, and the maid who entered with a letter in her hand, though she was a cunning jade, would never have divined the late distress of Miss Coutts. The letter was from Tom.

"Dear Maddie" (it ran),—"Inclosed please find check for one hundred dollars. Make it go as far as you can. I'm removed from office here, to make room for a greedy politician, but devilish needy and seedy, beyond precedent. Every dog has his day. Your fraternal canine goes out to Leadville; been longing to go for some time, but restrained by thoughts of you; hesitated to give up sure thing; now it has given me up, proved itself unsure, and settled it. Your beggarly allowance will be all right for six months—after that, the deluge! Aff., Tom."

Miss Coutts had shed all her tears. She was a little ashamed of her late outburst. Besides, she was glad Tom was rid of his sinecure berth under the government, which they both called the drudgery of office, and she was relieved now of Tom's restrictions regarding her employment. She immediately took up the morning paper and looked at the advertisements for domestic help of all kinds. She thought she might possibly get a place to take care of children, though she hated children in the aggregate, or a position as seamstress, though darning her stockings, the only sewing she ever did, was the *bête noire* of her existence. Presently her eyes fell upon the following:

WANTED—A middle-aged lady of culture and refinement, to take entire charge of housekeeping in a small establishment out of town. Address John Marvin, Box 242.

Miss Coutts knew as little of housekeeping as she did of sewing or caring for children, but she could write very well, and her replies to advertisements frequently brought some little results; the trouble had been that she was too particular, and what she considered the necessities and recreations of her life were too numerous and expensive. But she was driven to desperation now, and this last contingency of being given over to the unfortunate grandson of Mrs. Hodge completely subdued her. Perhaps the words "culture and refinement" determined her. Anyway, one pleasant evening Mr. Marvin's coachman made up his mind he was bringing up to the house a fine lady visitor, and was surprised to learn she was only the new housekeeper; but they got on together very well indeed—so well that Hopkins, who was the gardener as well as the coachman, picked and cleaned with his own hands the vegetables for the table. Miss Coutts's pride was so secure that she had no need to hedge it round with petty formalities, and the cook became fairly in love with her. "Too young, is it?" she said, within hearing of Mr. Marvin. "There's many an ould head on young shoulders, and a wise one too!"

Mr. Marvin had said, in their first interview, that he feared Miss Coutts was too young for the responsibility; but she threw an earnest entreaty into her reply: "Do not let that be an obstacle, sir: try me at least. I am not young; I am nearly twenty-eight." As if that was old enough for anything. She looked much younger, and had not been in the country a month before she would have passed for very little over twenty. She restrained all outward expression of delight; but she was really perfectly satisfied with the life that was offered to her. Mr. Marvin had quickly assured her of his entire approval of her management, and had of late even gained a certain buoyancy of aspect and demeanor that he had not worn upon her arrival. Contrary to all her expectations, she found that Mr. Marvin was the easiest one to manage in the whole establishment, and thought at first that his financial affairs probably absorbed his mind to the exclusion of the minor minutiæ of home life. But after a little time the natural discernment of her sex led her to believe that some blight rested upon the life of her employer that robbed it of all zest and interest. He arose early, walked about the grounds, but seemed to care nothing for the horticultural growth usually so dear to the heart of a small landed proprietor; he paced to and fro the garden paths, his hands clasped behind him, his head bent, his face gloomy and preoccupied. His horse was brought to the door punctually at nine—sometimes the vehicle in which it was Hopkins's choice he should ride was scrupulously clean; at others it was dusty, or even bespattered with mud altogether, according to the convenience of Hopkins. It seemed to not matter in the least to Mr. Marvin. Sometimes, by a freak of luck and extraordinary exertion upon the part of Miss Coutts, the domestic *ménage* of Mr. Marvin was a marvel of excellence, at others, everything was confusion and discomfort. Sometimes every meal that was set before her employer was the perfection of culinary success; at others, when baleful influences of various kinds were at work, nothing was fit for a civilized palate. Mr. Marvin did not seem to be aware of these irregularities. One evening everything upon the table was underdone. Madeline sat opposite her employer, and not being able herself to eat the food that she had ordered to be placed before him, she watched with vexation and remorse the various dishes which successively left the table untouched.

At breakfast the next morning everything was overdone. Madeline had her cup of tea. She *could* make good tea; but unfortunately Mr. Marvin drank coffee at breakfast, and his cup remained untasted. Madeline could see that it was black, bitter, and muggy. Mr. Marvin's breakfast consisted really of a crust. The carriage was at the door. There had been a storm in the night, and it was covered with mud.

A hot color suddenly flamed in the cheek of Miss Coutts.

"Mr. Marvin," she said, "are you aware that you have a wretchedly managed house, and that your carriage is almost always dirty? that your last two meals have been vilely cooked? The cook has been ill; it is no fault of hers; but two people ought to be discharged at once from your employ—your coachman and your housekeeper."

"If the cook is ill, she is incapacitated from her usual duties," said Mr. Marvin.

"But every efficient housekeeper should know how to get a decent meal," said Miss Coutts.

"Then it appears you are not an efficient housekeeper," said Mr. Marvin.

"Not by any means," said Miss Coutts; "and I never shall be; and Hopkins won't keep the carriage clean."

"Do you want to leave me, Miss Coutts?"

"Heaven forbid, Mr. Marvin! Only for your sake."

"Then I am very well satisfied with you; and as for Hopkins, he has been with me many, many years, Miss Coutts. I am under great obligations to Hopkins, which I hope I shall never forget."

The dark face of Mr. Marvin grew darker and gloomier. He got into the dirty carriage, and Madeline watched it disappear down the road.

"I'm afraid he's murdered somebody, and Hopkins has helped bury the body somewhere about the place," said Madeline to herself; "but somehow I can't help liking him immensely. If he were not so glum and so old, I should begin to believe I was falling in love with my master; but, after all, I'm getting old too—awfully old!" And, to drive away this unpleasant thought, Miss Coutts went to work with a will. She was not really so inefficient as she pretended; there was considerable of laziness and a lack of persistency about the matter, which Miss Coutts proceeded to mend. Although the cook was still confined to her room, the meals became presentable and appetizing. She had been compelled to call Hopkins to her aid, and resolved to do her best also to reform his ways.

Hopkins was picking fruit in the garden one afternoon, and Madeline was gathering flowers close by.

"We must do all we can to please our master, Hopkins," said Miss Coutts, coaxingly. "Do you pick the finest grapes for him, and I'll gather the prettiest flowers. He doesn't seem very happy, and we must do all we can to cheer and comfort him."

"It ain't much wonder," said Hopkins, "that he don't take to happiness as a duck does to water, and I don't think the matter of a few grapes, be they fine or faulty, will serve to comfort him. As for flowers, miss, if you'll take my advice, you'll keep 'em off the table; the sight of 'em must be a kind of curse to him. They will grow in spite of me, though I clip 'em down as often as I think of it, for they must be poison in his sight."

Miss Coutts paused in the arrangement of her nosegay, and stared at Hopkins.

"Why?" she said—"why are they so painful to him?"

"That's no matter," said Hopkins; "but they are—they must be, in the common natur' of things."

"Won't you tell me why, Hopkins?" said Miss Coutts, coaxingly.

"No, I won't tell you why," said Hopkins; "it's nobody's business."

Miss Coutts's eyes, which were always large, grew bigger and rounder. She looked at the frowzy head of Hopkins lifted to the vine, and then she shook her own. She really began to believe that somebody was put secretly away under one of the flower beds, and the pretty blossoms fell out of her hand unheeded to the ground. This would account for her master's sad dark face, his mournful smile, his gloom and abstraction, and this also would account for the negligence and assurance of Hopkins. Miss Coutts resolved not to chide Hopkins, or hurry him, or provoke him to any sudden wrath. Hopkins must be conciliated. Miss Coutts felt sure that Hopkins held the life of her master in his hand, and she also felt that that life was becoming very dear to her. It did not matter whether she was of any particular consequence to Mr. Marvin; considering everything, she thought, perhaps, it was better that he should be simply kind to her, and thoughtful of her welfare, as he was of that of his other servants. She could not be indifferent to the fact that there was a dark secret in his life, something only shameful, perhaps; she could only hope it was not of a criminal nature; but as long as he didn't love her, she was at liberty to be as fond of him as she pleased. She pitied him so, and pity is akin to love.

Months had now passed away, and Mr. Marvin, as I said before, had gained a certain buoyancy of aspect which was unknown to him before the coming of Miss Coutts, and although she trembled for this frail security, Miss Coutts was glad that the load was gradually lifting off her master's mind.

One evening in early October she walked to and fro upon the porch, waiting for the first glimpse of Hopkins, who had gone to the train for his master. A delicious meal was ready to be served. She herself had taken unusual pains with her toilet; carefully avoiding flowers, after the warning of Hopkins, she was compelled to invent those little accessories to dress that make a plain woman charming, and a charming woman irresistible. And there was, above all, that air of tender expectancy and eager anticipation in her face that Mr. Marvin had grown to look for and count upon as he journeyed home. It seemed to him that night that she had never looked so womanly and fair, and that his home had never been so inviting.

"Oh, how glad I am to get home, Miss Coutts!" he said. "Everything here is dear to the heart and pleasant to the eye." And as Miss Coutts, in the delight of the moment, blushed and held out her hand to him, he put it upon his arm, and kept it briefly but warmly in his own as they walked into the house. Miss Coutts felt his heart beating against her fingers, and her own began to leap in unison.

"What if he should really love me?" she said to herself; and "What if this great happiness should, after all, be mine?" whispered the heart of Mr. Marvin.

They went into the pleasant dining-room. How pretty the table looked!

"How hungry I am!" said Mr. Marvin. And then a glum voice from the door called out: "Here is a letter for you, sir. I got it in the post this mornin', and it lay by me ever since."

The handwriting was a strange one to Mr. Marvin. He opened it and read it through, growing paler and paler as he read, till at last Miss Coutts ran over to him, and held his head upon her arm. Her own hand trembled as she put a glass of water to his lips, but she did not call for help. "The time has come," she said to herself. "Detection, discovery, is at hand. We must do nothing imprudent."

Mr. Marvin by a strong effort got his nerves under control.

"You must think I am strangely weak," he said, "but there is bad news in that letter—terrible news. My mother-in-law is dead."

Madeline almost laughed, but she knew that if she once gave way to laughing she would fall into hysterics; but what a commonplace occurrence to make such a fuss about!

"Your mother-in-law?" she repeated.

"Yes; it seems a calamity to which people easily resign themselves, but it is a terrible one to me. Great Heaven!" cried Mr. Marvin, starting up from the table, "and I dared just now to be happy!"

He went out upon the porch, and walked rapidly to and fro; Miss Coutts went into the parlor; the pretty meal was left untouched. The windows of the parlor opened wide upon the balcony where the unhappy man was walking. Miss Coutts went over to the old-fashioned piano. She knew now that the end was at hand. She had forgotten that Mr. Marvin had ever been married; he had never alluded to it in any way; but in the death of his mother-in-law it was evident his danger had become imminent. Disgrace and ruin suddenly threatened this poor creature who had just "dared to be happy."

She began to sing in a low trembling tone, tears falling out of her eyes upon the yellow keys:

"'Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;
Though the herd has fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Still here is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thine own to the last.'"

Miss Coutts went on with the song, her voice growing clearer, firmer, sweeter, purer, as she sang. Mr. Marvin had heard all the great singers of the day, but it seemed to him he had never listened to a voice like this.

"'Through the furnace unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.'"

"Do you mean what you say?" he said, leaning over her, his cold hand upon her shoulder, and his wretched face close to her own. "Are your heart and your hand, your love and your whole being, mine, in spite of everything I may have to tell you? By Heaven, Madeline, I believe you are a woman among ten thousand—that you will cling to me through everything."

"I will go with you to the scaffold," said Madeline, and she meant what she said.

"It is not so bad as that, my dear," said Mr. Marvin; "it is not a crime; it is a misfortune. Come out upon the balcony, and let me tell you all. I begin to feel comforted already." They sat together on the wicker sofa, hidden by the flaming leaves of the Virginia creeper; a soft light yet shone in the western sky; one little star alone was visible; a belated blackbird swung to and fro upon a branch in the garden. Madeline nestled close to the strong arm thrown around her. She will never forget that night to the latest in her life. Yes, she loved him; she was prepared for any revelation he might make to her; she was even glad, she said, to be able to prove to him the nature of her love.

"God bless you, Madeline," said Mr. Marvin. "My story is a brief one. I can not bear to dwell upon it long. I married when I was but a lad of twenty-one. In a few years my wife died of a horrible malady—epilepsy. The only fruit of our union was a boy, who seemed to me as perfect and beautiful as an angel when he was born, but as the years went by the curse he had inherited from his mother became apparent, only in a more shocking form. He was not only a hopeless idiot, but grew deformed, and incapable of governing the muscles of his limbs. He could articulate with difficulty, and seemed only comfortable when in the arms of Hopkins, who carried him about among the flowers, which he would clutch and tear. I could not bear this abhorrent and painful sight, and was about making arrangements to have him conveyed to some private asylum, when his grandmother besought me to give her the care of the boy, to whom she had devoted her every moment. I consented, and have never seen the boy since, though the thought of his miserable existence has imbittered my life. He has outlived the devoted woman, and here in this last letter she begs of me to go on with the work which she has begun. The letter says that he is improving gradually, that her whole fortune shall be given over for his benefit. All she asks of me is room under my roof for my unfortunate son. Madeline, what can I do? Dare I refuse this dying prayer?"

Madeline was silent. Had Mr. Marvin looked into her face, he would have been shocked by the expression there.

"No," she said at length; "you can not refuse to have him here." Then she added, "Your mother-in-law's name was Hodge?"

"Yes," said Mr. Marvin, chilled somehow by the cold and measured tones of Madeline. "The boy is called Ernst, after his maternal grandfather."

"Yes," said Madeline, "I know his name is Ernst. He must come here, of course—" Here she burst into tears and sobs. "I love you so!" she said, clinging to Mr. Marvin. "I do love you so!"

"My sweet Madeline," said Mr. Marvin, "calm yourself. He is not a maniac; he is perfectly harmless."

"He is a vampire," said Madeline. "He has killed very many people who have been forced to share their lives with him. He will kill you—" She did not say that he would kill her, because she had determined that she would fly, as she did before. She would go out to Leadville to Tom, anywhere, to be free from the grandson of Mrs. Hodge. She would have shared poverty, disgrace, a dungeon, with her beloved master—anything but this awful presence. How well she remembered the poor grandmother!—her minute description of the terrible life meted out to the attendant of her grandson. Her piteous appeals, her frantic bribes of more money, enough to bury the miserable attendant when she died, and more. How hot was that room in the city, with its choking treasures of upholstery and art! How powerful and red and swarthy was the wretched Mrs. Hodge! Every moment she had feared the approach of her unfortunate grandson. Madeline grew faint and sick with this repelling retrospect, and, overcome with the impending grief of parting with her adored master, her heart stopped beating, her head fell heavily back upon his shoulder. A blessed insensibility came to her relief.

It was many days after when she awoke to perfect consciousness. A raging fever followed her first insensibility, and weeks went by during which her life hung by a thread. But the first words Mr. Marvin said to her made her count her illness as providential.

"My sweet Madeline," he said, gravely, in reply to the glance of terror that she cast about her, and her one word—"Ernst?"—"I know that you were ready and willing for the sacrifice, but it is not demanded of you. My unfortunate son soon followed his grandmother. God has at last taken pity upon his misery and mine. But I hold your heroism in my heart of hearts, dear. Now all I ask of you is to get well."

Madeline looked upon the wasted hands he kissed and caressed. She was so weak, so very weak! She could not tell him then—nor did she ever gain courage for the revelation—that her only heroism had been the yielding up of a union with her beloved master, and going out to Tom at Leadville, thus fleeing forever from the unfortunate grandson of Mrs. Hodge.

MRS. FRANK McCARTHY.

DEER-HUNTING.

SPORTSMEN of the future, if there be such, will examine with curiosity the truthful and realistic sporting pictures of Mr. FROST. They will look at them, and regret that the scenes therein depicted are to them no longer possible of actual realization. Possibly by that time they may live under a form of government founded on principles of exact justice; consequently they will jeer at the burlesque of the same under which we exist, and ponder on the striking absurdity which has led it to permit the denudation of the country of every form of wild animal and bird life.

During the floods in the Mississippi Valley in the spring of 1882 the extraordinary high stage of water forced large herds of deer and other game from their usual haunts. These poor creatures, on common occasions wary and difficult of approach, by the resistless pressure of the advancing waters were completely demoralized and cowed. Driven from one covert to another, they at last took refuge on the slightly elevated spots, small islets on a rushing sea extending from horizon to horizon. To these islands the deer and other game were followed by hunters, who wantonly destroyed them, leaving their carcasses to decay where they fell. The survivors of these numerous and extensive battues were driven for refuge to the tops of the levees, where, dazed with hunger and fear, they were knocked over and killed with clubs.

In cases where the destruction of these animals was necessary to supply food to persons famishing with hunger, any mode of killing them was entirely legitimate, but in the majority of cases the slaughter was carried on from a mere wanton love of killing, and the superior human quality which urges its possessors to take advantage of the helpless condition of the game kind.

In all parts of the country it would appear that any mode of capturing deer is considered proper; hence we find these animals preyed upon as if they were fierce and dangerous foes to man, rather than mild and timid, forever seeking safety from the human kind in headlong flight.

By hazard we take up a book which purports to relate the hunting adventures of a clergymen. Therein we find an account of fire-lighting deer. That is, this teacher of the truth seats himself comfortably in a boat propelled by a guide. On the bow of the skiff is a lamp provided with a powerful reflector. The boat is gently pushed to a spot which the deer frequent as a fording-place to their feeding-grounds. The light from the lamp dazzles them; they approach within a very few feet. So soon as their eyes, shining brightly in the glare, are visible, the holder of the gun fires, and the animal is either killed outright or driven frantic with terror into the recesses of the forest. This process of fire-lighting has given the *coup de grace* to deer-hunting in the Adirondacks.

Driving deer—another mode of hunting the animal—is one which requires more patience than is possessed by the average man. This method requires the service of a number of gunners, who are posted at convenient points on the course the deer is likely to take when routed by the hounds. They do not, however, always take the route laid out for them, consequently the gunner has ample leisure to commune with his own thoughts—to calculate the date, for example, when a note is due, or to recall some particularly mortifying episode in his past career. Again, it offers to those who have what the French call an *esprit d'escalier*—a mind on the stairs—to rehearse withering repartees ready for immediate use, which are commonly thought of, too late, when one is on the staircase and the occasion missed. Driving deer, therefore, is not so popular a form of hunting as stalking, which keeps a man on the alert, and all his faculties centred upon one object. This method, however, does not possess the same interest when undertaken in our forests as upon the bare, rugged mountains of Scotland, where the game is seen during the entire process. There deer-stalking is a much finer art than with us.

It is the Virginia or red deer which is usually seen in our Eastern markets. Chicago is the great centre for the collection of deer, and indeed all varieties of game; thence it is distributed to all parts of our country and Europe. The dealers in Chicago have created for the success of their business a very complete system. They spare no expense to secure the services of the most expert gunners. These, so far as deer-hunting is concerned, they furnish with a complete outfit. Late in the autumn they are sent to the northern portions of Wisconsin, Michigan, and Canada. It is by no means a holiday trip. These men are brought face to face with great hardships. They are obliged to travel great distances in open sleighs on routes where the thermometer often falls to 25° below zero, when the biting wind whistles through the leafless forests, whirling the drifts in clouds. When they reach their destination they erect a log cabin a hundred miles or more from any other habitation. Here they store their provisions and traps, and prepare for their hunting trips, long distances into the wilderness. After their camp is prepared they may yet have to wait for a light snow to cover the icy crust of the earlier deposits. When this moment arrives they lace on their snow-shoes and beat up the surrounding woods. In the newly fallen snow the trail of the deer is easily followed. So soon as the game is sighted, the hunter, if he be not already on an up-wind beat, makes a detour to secure this position. From cover to cover he stealthily approaches the feeding herd, keeping a steady eye on the tails of the animals. Singular as it may appear, the movements of the tail of the deer is to the gunner full of significance. If it is jerked with a quick motion, he knows that the animal's suspicions are excited. The deer raises his head and glances about him in a nervous, anxious manner. If he is satisfied that no immediate danger is near, he twitches his tail again, and resumes his feeding. With his eye constantly on the tell-tail of the deer, the hunter glides from tree to tree until he is within easy range. Armed with a magazine rifle, the gunner may possibly kill ten before the herd gets beyond range. It may appear an easy matter to stalk deer as above described. Far from being so, however; a man must be very hardy and expert to pick his way on snow-shoes—bewildering machines to the novice—amid the débris of fallen trees of the forest.

When the deer has been killed, the hunter opens him and removes the entrails. He then climbs a young tree and bends the top to the ground. To this he attaches the carcass. The tree, when released from the weight of the hunter, springs back and lifts the dead animal beyond the reach of prowling wolves. At his leisure the hunter, within a day or two, visits the various saplings to which he has secured his game, and removes it to his shanty, where it is stored until a convenient opportunity occurs for his partner or himself to transport it to the nearest railway station, whence it is sent to his employer in Chicago. These dealers pay the gunner by the piece. The latter, consequently, apart from suffering no end of hardship, is liable to lose all the benefit of his winter's work if, through an error of judgment, he should be overtaken by a sudden rise of temperature and thaw. Then the roads become impassable, and the carcasses he may have on hand inevitably spoil.

For those who may desire to indulge in deer-hunting, Texas offers the most inviting field. There the climatic conditions are not rigorous. The game, moreover, is found on the open, breezy prairies. To successfully stalk deer in that locality the services of a well-broken mustang horse are indispensable. The hunter, who walks, has a string attached to the bit of the animal, which is gently driven toward the deer. Now and again the horse must be allowed to stop and graze. When within gunshot, the hunter shoots with his gun resting across the saddle.

GASTON FAY.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IN a recent week about five hundred Chinese sailed from San Francisco for their native land. Nearly all of them carried the certificates necessary for their re-admission to United States territory should they desire to return. Perhaps they thought that these return checks would have a money value in the Flowery Kingdom, where, among the millions of men, it ought to be easy to find a good many who would fairly answer to any description that could be written out for the purpose of identifying one who was entitled to the privilege of returning.

For a comet that was yet telescopic from a mundane point of view, the wanderer which is now approaching the sun, after an absence of more than threescore and ten years, awakened considerable interest last week. Observers were surprised to find that in the course of a single day its brilliancy had increased six or eight times. Considering the comet's distance from the sun, this outburst of light was regarded by astronomers as more extraordinary than the bursting into pieces of the comet which last year startled the people of this latitude by its sudden and brilliant advent from the southern skies.

An incident of the drought in New England was an arrangement between the Boston and Albany Railroad and the residents of a Massachusetts village for the delivery to them of a tank of water each day. Information is not at hand as to whether a rainy day which intervened prevented the carrying out of the arrangement.

A recent event in ocean steam-ship traffic is the breaking of the record in respect to quick passages from the other side. It now stands six days twenty-one hours and forty minutes—more than two hours better than it was before the *Alaska* finished her latest westward voyage.

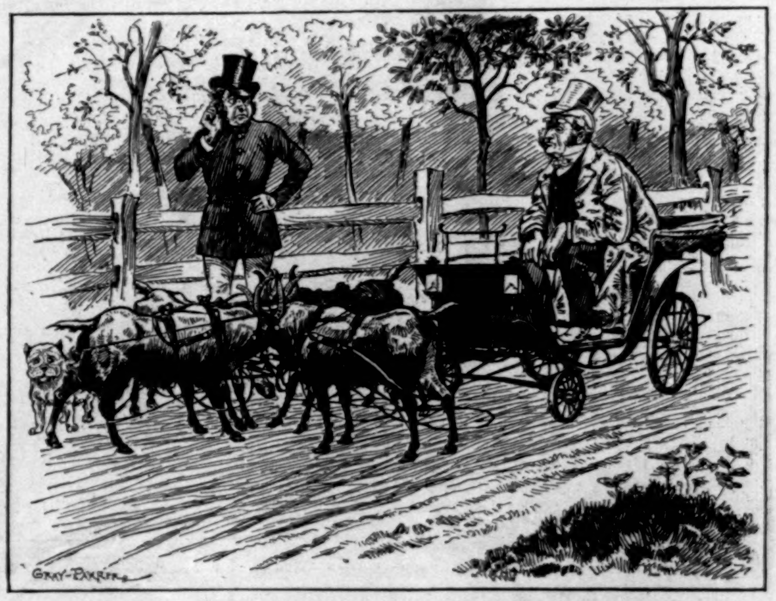
American tomatoes are shipped in large quantities to England, where they are greatly appreciated by diners at the clubs. They are believed to be a remedy for biliousness, besides affording material for several agreeable dishes. Not many years ago they used to be called "love apples" in this country, and were thought very pretty, but nobody dreamed of eating them.

A Chinese reporter who sought an item in a resort frequented by white and yellow hoodlums was subsequently found in the street deprived of his gold watch and chain and fifteen dollars in coin. As nothing is said about his diamonds, it is presumed that the magnificent compensation which, according to the testimony of a distinguished newspaper authority before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor, is enjoyed by New York reporters is withheld in San Francisco because of the competition of Chinese cheap labor.

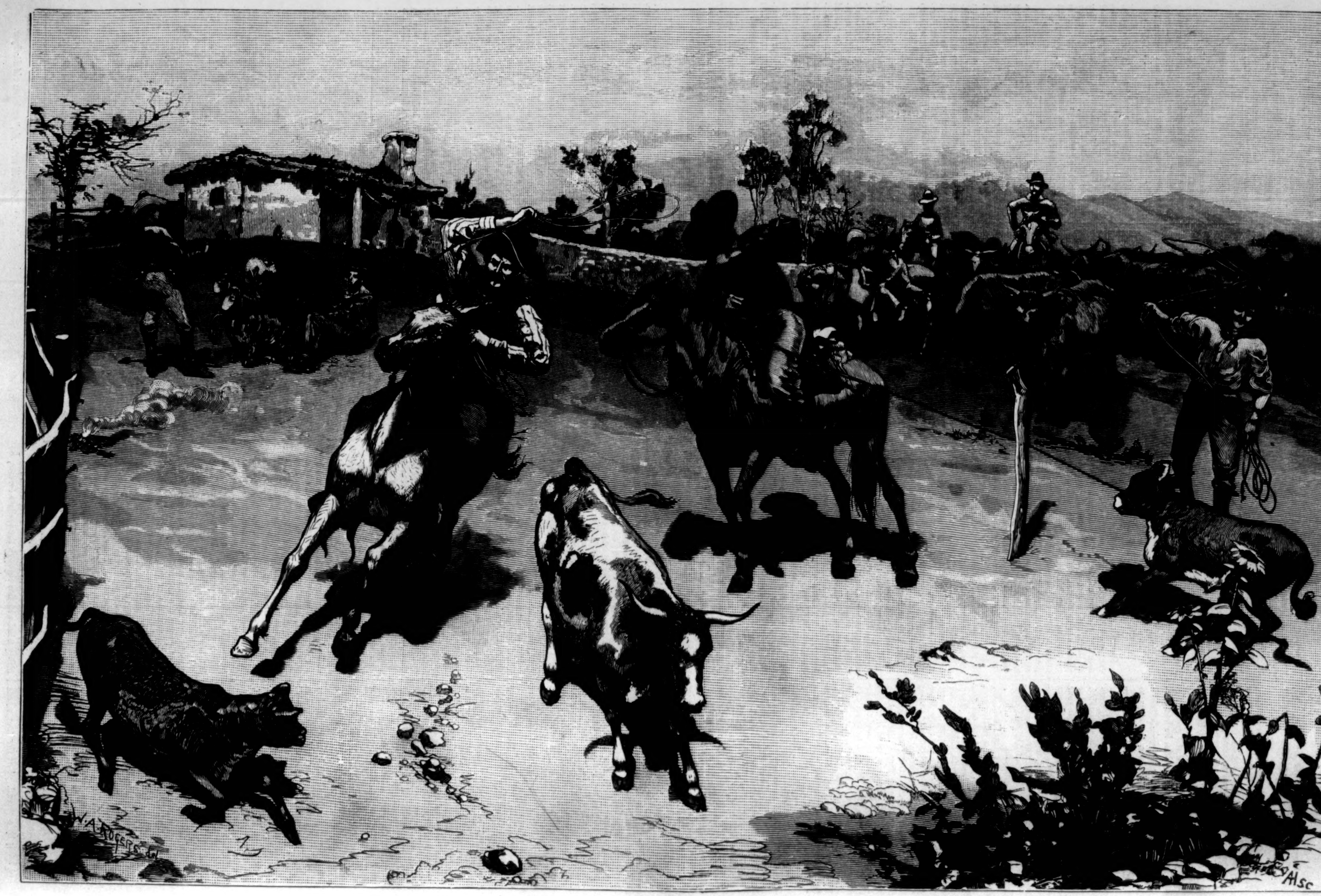
A restaurant-keeper in Rome has displayed a genius for advertising which would have been worthy of a Yankee. Under a law of Italy, tradesmen must pay duty on every advertising bill or poster publicly displayed; but the manifestoes of candidates for office may be posted without the payment of this tax. The restaurant-keeper placarded his name throughout Rome as that of a candidate for election to the Chamber of Deputies, adding the location of his restaurant and the bill of fare for each day. When he was arrested he pleaded that he had been a candidate, and had actually received eighty votes. The outcome of the case has not been announced.

The retiring Democratic Governor of a Southern State was congratulated a short time ago by a matter-of-fact friend on "the comforting knowledge of the fact that while you came into office on a boom, you go out on a bigger one."

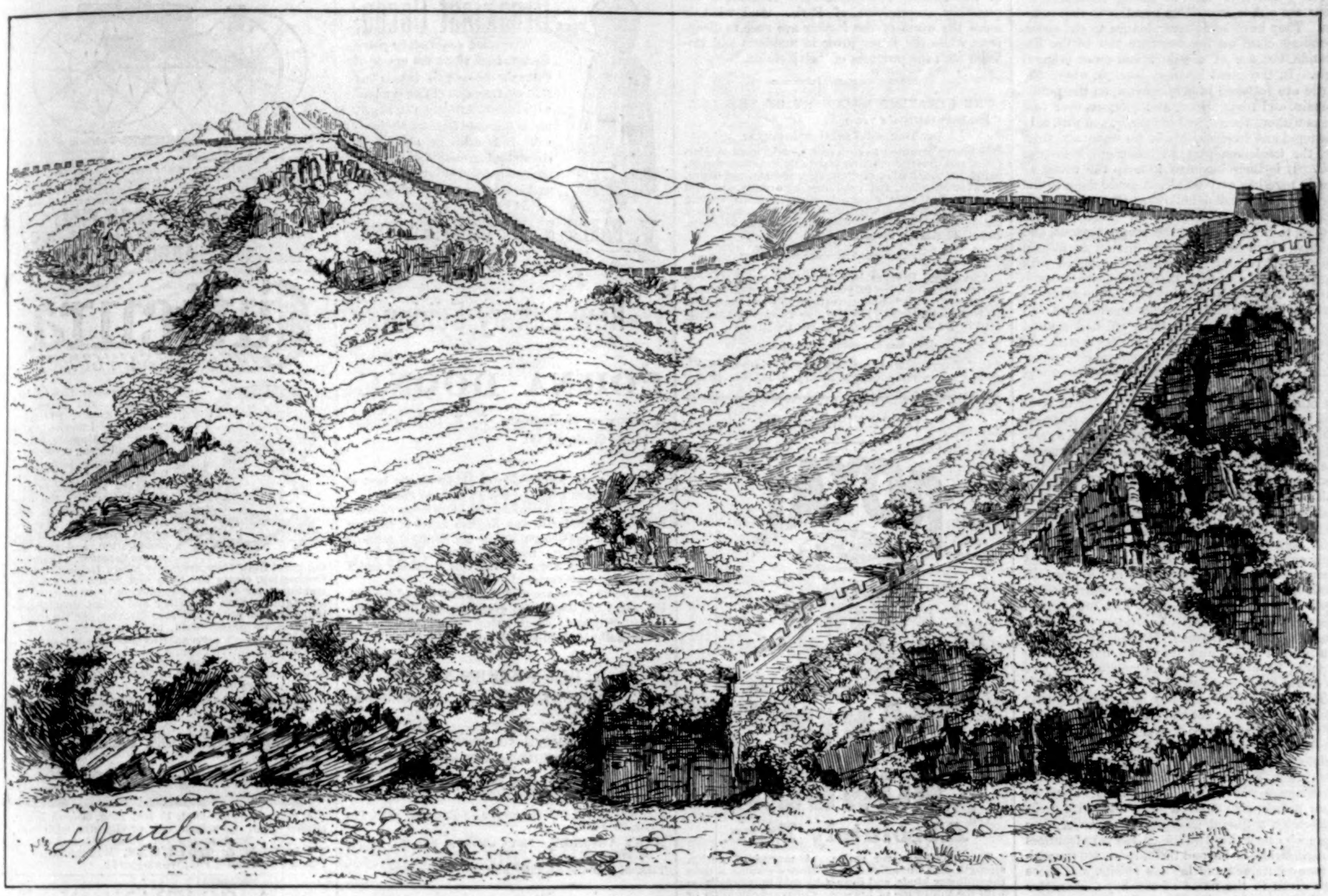
Stories from the new petroleum fields in Roumania eclipse even the wonderful tales told of Cherry Grove and the other famous pools of the Pennsylvania oil regions. The "wild-cat" well near which two cities grew up in a month in Cherry Grove was an insignificant affair in comparison with the well recently sunk in Roumania by an American driller, if the stories told of its yield are true. It is said that petroleum was found at a depth of one thousand feet—the average depth of the Pennsylvania oil wells—that a column of oil gushed out with such force that it was thrown more than a hundred feet into the air, and that the flow continued for ten days at the rate of nearly five thousand barrels a day. There is a story of a well in Pennsylvania—one of the first drilled in the Cooper Tract—blowing the drilling tools, weighing some two or three thousand pounds, through the top of a seventy-foot derrick; but it is accepted generally as a yarn illustrating the utmost possibility of a phenomenal well rather than the chronicle of an actual occurrence. Perhaps the imaginative originator of this story will yet find himself humiliated by being compelled to believe that some well in Roumania has actually eclipsed that which his fancy pictured.



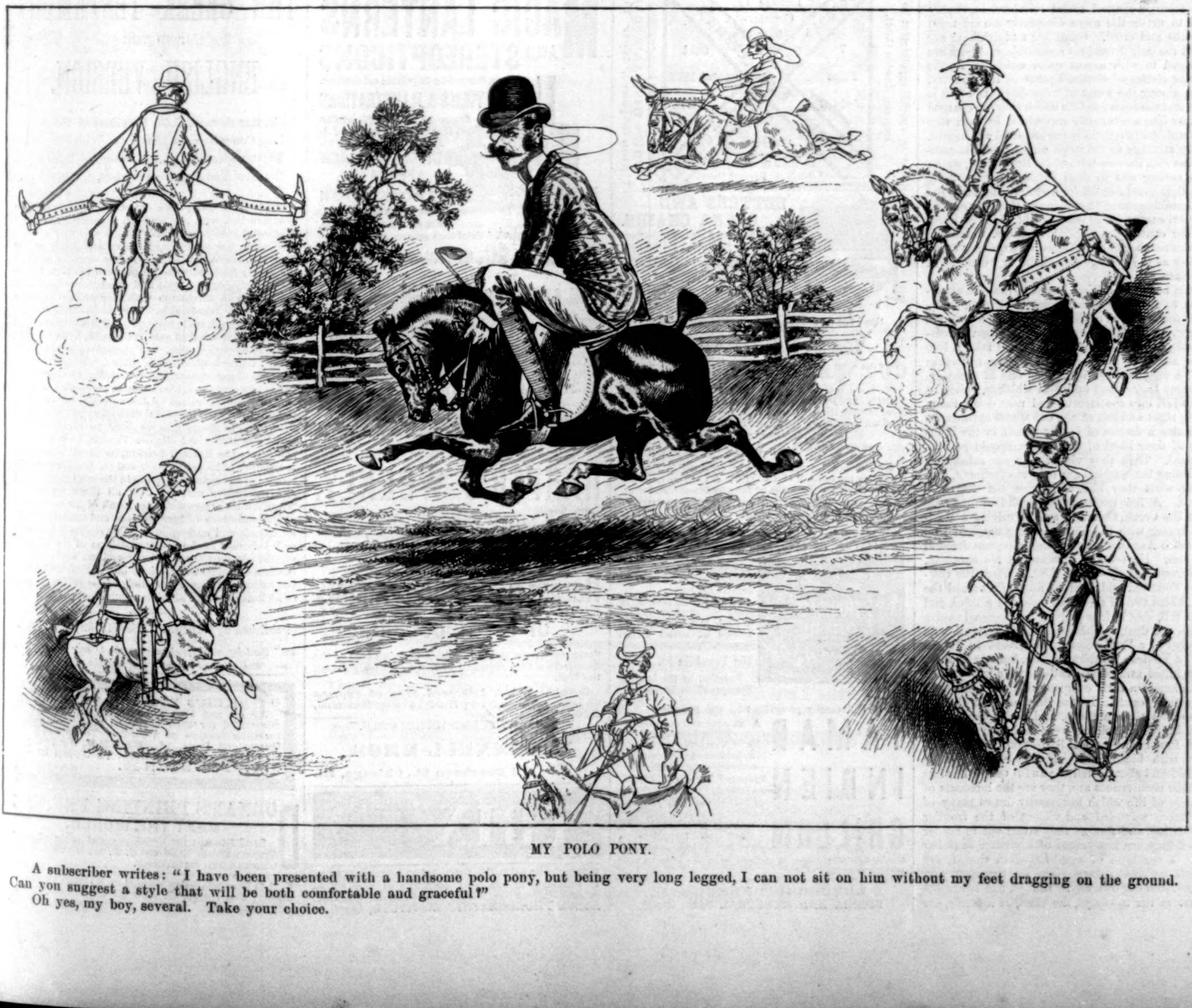
No. 4.—The team have a slight misunderstanding.
"This will never do," exclaims old Perkyns.



THE COW-BOYS OF COLORADO—LASSOING AND BRANDING CALVES.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 638.]



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA, NEAR THE NAN-KOW PASS.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 631.]



MY POLO PONY.

A subscriber writes: "I have been presented with a handsome polo pony, but being very long legged, I can not sit on him without my feet dragging on the ground. Can you suggest a style that will be both comfortable and graceful?"

Oh yes, my boy, several. Take your choice.

COW-BOYS.

The "cow-boys" of the Rocky Mountain regions are a race or a class peculiar to that country. They have some resemblance to the corresponding class on the southern side of the Rio Grande, but are of a milder and more original type. In the great herding districts, where the cattle are fattened in great part upon the public domain, and roam, winter and summer, over vast areas without fences, without roads, and with only scattered and irregular places for water and shelter, the herdsmen play an important industrial *rôle*. It is their business to keep the cattle as nearly together as possible, to guide them to the springs and wooded hollows, to separate them when they get mixed up with those of other droves, to brand them at the proper seasons, and to drive them to the nearest market at others. Often their regular occupation is attended with a good deal of danger. In Montana and in some parts of Colorado and Dakota the Indians, turned loose to hunt buffalo near their reservations, fall upon the cattle and run them off, and against these raids the "cow-boys" go always armed, and not unfrequently have to undertake exploits which, were they United States cavalrymen, would be reported to the War Department as "battles." At other times the men in the employ of rival and jealous owners become involved in quarrels which end in a more or less free fight. Again, when the season is severe, and snow falls among the lower slopes of the mountains, the care of the herds becomes a hazardous task. Still again the half-tamed cattle "stampede," and it becomes a matter of no small amount of courage, skill, and address to keep them or get them together. On such occasions the "cow-boys" are obliged to hang on the flanks of the plunging herd, and keep them, as far as they can, headed in the same direction, until the cattle from sheer weariness relapse into some sort of quiet and orderliness. The tendency to "break" is a mystery even to the most experienced herders. It usually shows itself toward night, and there are unmistakable signs of its approach, but no general theory of its origin has been reached.

The outfit of the cow-boy is a horse, usually one of the "ponies" of the region—swift, tough, ugly in look and temper, but capable of good service when once trained; a Mexican or "army" saddle, such as are shipped in great quantities from New York; a blanket, or, with the best herdsmen, a pair, one being of rubber; one or more pistols, sometimes a rifle; and, with great uniformity, a liberal flask of whiskey. Among those who seek this wild life on the very frontiers of civilization, or beyond them, there are naturally many untamed and lawless spirits, and these have given to the name of cow-boy a character hardly deserved by the class. For the most part they are laborious, faithful, and as sober as their fellow-men in the same region. But constant exposure, a monotonous life varied only by danger or exertion of extraordinary character, and exclusion from the usual social relations, inevitably tend to make the more disorderly among them reckless and cruel. Gambling and drinking are about the only diversions accessible, and both are indulged in with a zest quite unknown to the quieter circles of civilized parts of the country. Even among the worst of "cow-boys" thieving is rare, and the outrages with which they are charged in this line are usually committed by men who resemble them only in being mounted and armed. There attaches to the name an unconscious association with the cow-boys of the Revolution, whose only calling was to steal cattle and everything else they could run off from either side along the "debatable ground" between the British and Continental camps. The cow-boys of the West have, on the contrary, a regular business, which the greater number of them follow with quite as much fidelity as the average farm-hand or "drover" of the East.

It is not to be denied, however, that the exceptions to this rule are sufficiently striking to attract the attention of the lovers of the picturesque in current reading, newspaper or other. Occasionally a band of the cow-boys will take it into their heads, in an interval of leisure, to "clean out" a neighboring town. For one of these excursions they "load up" with whiskey, gallop at night-fall into the streets, and race down them, firing right and left at any one whose appearance indicates a degree of luxury which, in the interests of their ideal of democracy, should be suppressed. Then they visit the liquor saloons or gambling hells, which are only too frequent, consume what they like, and drive out the occupants. A few weeks ago a squad of five rode into Ute Creek, Colorado, and perceiving a Mexican trader with the high-sounding name of Don Macedio Arragon, made some impudent demand of him. He refused it, snatched his shot-gun, and retreated down the road. When the cow-boys followed and fired on him he returned the fire, killed two of them and wounded a third, and then fell, shot in four places. He lingered twelve hours and died, and the murderers escaped. At Deadwood a band recently undertook to "clean out" a Mexican gambling saloon, but two of them were killed, and the others fled. On a lonely ranch in Colorado a little company of them quarrelled over their cards. In the first moment the oil-lamp was thrown down, and a desperate fight with knives and pistols went on in the darkness, until four men were left lifeless on the floor, slippery with blood, and only one escaped, badly gashed and shot, to tell the awful tale. Terrible as such occurrences are, they are the incidents of a mode of life which necessarily draws many of the more wayward and violent of the frontier population, and though they stand out in bolder relief, they are not proofs of a greater brutality or a lower type of manhood than the affrays which frequently take place on the excursion boats from our own city. Indeed, bad as are the worst of the cow-boys, the class, as a whole, are better than the "gangs" which infest portions of the river wards of New York, the neighborhood of the Thames Embankment in London, or the *quartiers excentriques* of Paris. And what is more, the worst of the former are sure to disappear, while the latter grow in numbers and violence with the progress of "civilization."

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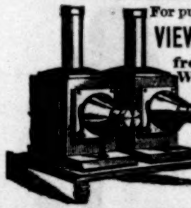

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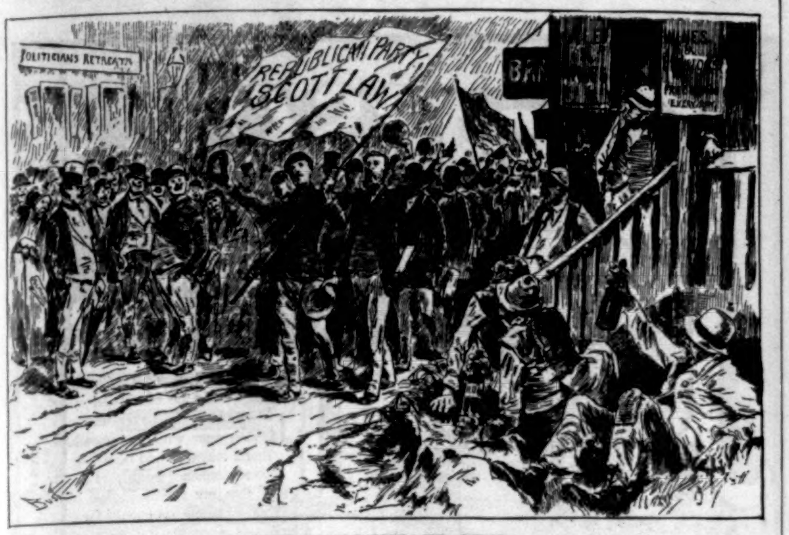

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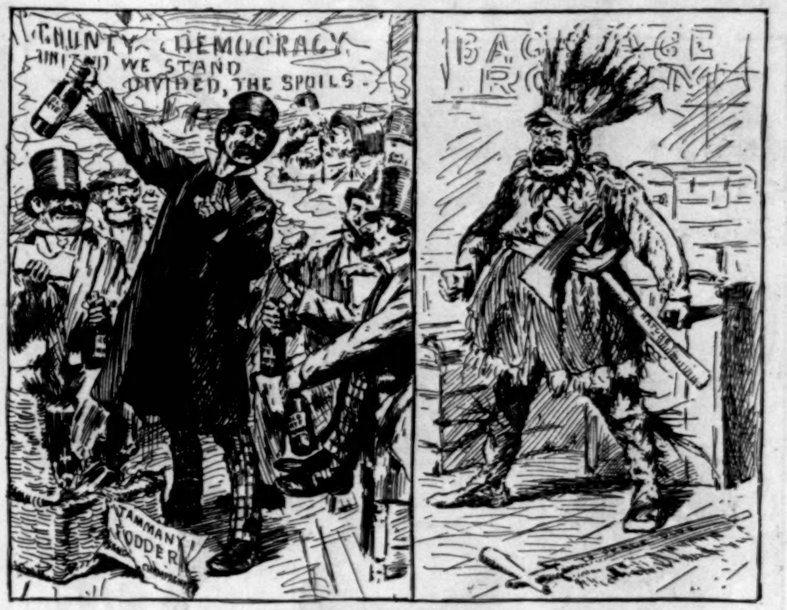

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